The Nation.

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The Week.

Civil-service reformers must be perfectly satisfied with the President's reference to their cause in his message. He points out that during the few months since his inauguration "the civil service has been placed upon a still firmer basis of business methods and personal merit," through careful guarding against dismissals for merely political reasons, and improvements in the methods of examination for admittance, while "a distinct advance has been made by giving a hearing before dismissal upon all cases where incompetency is charged or demand made for the removal of officials in any of the departments." Mr. McKinley suggests that some changes in the system need still to be made, and says that there are places in the classified service which ought to be exempted, but he immediately adds that "others not classified may properly be included." He announces that he will not hesitate to exempt cases which he thinks have been improperly included in the classified service, or include those which in his judgment will best promote the public service, and concludes: "The system has the approval of the people, and it will be my endeavor to uphold and extend it." This will be a sad disappointment to the Gallingers in the Senate and the Grosvenors in the House, who have been threatening to overthrow the reform. With the President of their party thus committed to its protection and extension, the spoilsmen must see that their scheme is absolutely hopeless.

One of the most noteworthy things about the President's message is a thing which is not in it. The long document contains no allusion whatever to the subject of pensions. This omission would attract remark in the case of any President. It becomes the more striking when one recalls that Mr. McKinley was himself a soldier in the Union army, and has always been a strong advocate of a generous policy regarding pensions. It is rendered still more important by the fact that, in his message to Congress at the opening of the extra session last March, the President urged that "ample revenues must be supplied, not only for the ordinary expenses of the government, but for the prompt payment of liberal pensions," etc. It is a great change from such an attitude in March to the entire ignoring of the whole pension question in December, especially when the failure to recommend a liberal policy now is accompanied by a protest against an increase of the expenses of the government, and a suggestion that "these expenses will, in my judgment, admit of a decrease in many branches of the government without injury to the public service."

Secretary Gage's plan of currency reform, as announced in his report, so far as it relates to banks and banking, endorses the principle of banknotes issued against general banking assets, instead of bonds deposited by the banks in the public treasury. He would restrict such issues, however, to one-fourth of the bank's capital, and would require that the bank should have previously taken out circulation secured in the present mode to the amount of one-half of its capital. Thus, if a bank with $100,000 capital shall have deposited $50,000 of bonds and taken out the same amount of notes, he would allow it to issue $25,000 of notes in addition upon condition of paying a tax of 2 per cent. per annum to be held in the Treasury as a safety fund to reimburse the Government, which, under the plan, is to guarantee the redemption of the notes. The Government is to have also a first lien on the assets and on the shareholders' liability as a further security. Permission to issue notes up to the par value of the deposited bonds (instead of 90 per cent.) is included in the plan, and the annual tax on secured circulation is to be reduced to one-half of 1 per cent. This is a modification of the so-called Baltimore plan, which proposes to allow banks to issue circulating notes to the extent of 50 per cent. of their capital against their general assets, on condition of their contributing a common safety fund equal to 5 per cent. of all outstanding notes, said safety fund to be applicable to the redemption of the notes of failed banks. The Baltimore plan is in its main features the same as the present Canadian system, which is itself the New York safety-fund system of 1829 with some changes and betterments, and is not surpassed by any other in the world for security, flexibility, and the general satisfaction it gives to all classes of business, agricultural, mercantile, and manufacturing.

The revenue last month, as the Treasury bulletin points out, ran short of expenditures by $8,092,483. But the sale of the Government's claim in the Union Pacific property brought a first payment from the syndicate, a fortnight ago, of $13,645,250, and this amount is cheerfully lumped in with miscellaneous revenue. It is clear that the revenue from customs under the Dingley bill is not going to be large enough to pay the appropriation for pensions alone. That is to say, all the sound and fury of the extra session, all the moving Heaven and earth to pass a tariff, all the suspense and disturbance which afflicted the business world—all this resulted in a law which will not produce enough to foot the annual pension bill alone. The remaining expenses of the government must be paid from direct taxes or by borrowing. The truth is, that the customs revenue is playing a smaller and smaller part in the nation's income. It is the internal revenue, and other forms of direct taxation, that we have to depend upon more and more. There was a gain of about $8,000,000 in the revenue from those sources in the first five months of the fiscal year. This was due to some slight increase of certain taxes and to expanding business. But the tariff, about which all the outcry was made, which was the one thing that was going to put us in funds—that, after all the changes and the long wrestling, is bringing in less revenue than ever. This is only a fulfilment of the prophecies of Secretary Carlisle and of Senator Aldrich. But the wise Dingley, the infallible Reed, the sympathetic McKinley, knew better, and are now confronting the actual figures like so many dumb dogs.

Even Mr. Dingley has at last heard of the Dingley Deficit. In what he has to say of it, he makes all "lightning calculators" look small. In the first place, there really isn't any deficit. If you only let Mr. Dingley annex some $32,000,000 of revenue received in the last months of the Wilson bill, and add in $51,000,000 more which would have been paid if the importations had been made "in the normal way" under his bill, you have at once, in place of a deficit of $46,000,000, as alleged by "the enemies of the bill" (and by the Treasury figures, too) a real surplus of $37,000,000. This paper surplus, however, Mr. Dingley admits is not available for appropriations, and so he takes to glowing prophecy about the way the receipts are going to climb by the million from now on. But at the end Mr. Dingley practically confesses that new taxes will have to be found, and talks about its being "simplicity itself" to put "another dollar upon beer." Congress did not find it so last spring; but then, it had about as much "simplicity itself" as it could stand in one session, in the person of the chairman of the ways and means committee.

A protest against the appointment of Attorney-General McKenna to the Supreme Bench has been sent to President McKinley from Portland, Oregon, signed by Judge Gilbert of the United States Circuit Court of Apeals, Judge Bellin-

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ger of the United States District Court, by sundry State judges, and members of the Oregon bar. The ground of their opposition is not any specific act of Mr. McKenna, but what they conceive to be a lack of qualifications in general. Their contention is that a seat on the Supreme Bench "ought to be held only by one who in learning, intellectual ability, and determined character has shown himself to be among the few most eminent of the legal profession, and capable of executing the great trust placed upon him, and of maintaining the character for ability and independence which has made the Supreme Court of the United States one of the first, if not the very first, of the tribunals of the world." They hold that the common reputation of any man among his professional brethren is a just and sure guide to his worth; that leadership at the bar is always won by those who deserve it; that it ought always to be the prerequisite to appointment to the Supreme Court, and that it has not been won by Mr. McKenna, who, they say, "is not, either by natural gifts, acquired learning, or decision of character, qualified for any judicial place of importance, much less for the highest place in the land." Such a protest is quite unusual. It is very seldom that lawyers will expose themselves to the enmity of one who is likely to sit in judgment over them. It requires either rare courage or extreme personal resentment to account for such a movement among Mr. McKenna's professional brethren. The force of the protest depends altogether on the names of the signers, and as these are not known to us, we shall not undertake to estimate their gravity. We may remark, however, that the opinion rendered by Mr. McKenna in the interpretation of the clause of the Dingley bill which "slipped in," and which was intended to cause the Canadian Pacific Railway to "slip out" as a competitor of our own transcontinental roads, goes far to justify the signers of the protest, for if there should be much of that kind of writing in our Supreme Court reports, American jurisprudence would be in a sorry muddle.

"McKinley prosperity" has not reached the cotton-growers, and those Southern farmers who depend upon the staple exclusively are as badly off as ever, with no prospect of improvement. There is a renewal of the old attempt to secure higher prices for the crop by diminishing the acreage devoted to it, but this scheme has always failed in the past and seems no more likely to succeed in the future. The great trouble is that, while every planter thinks that it would be an excellent idea to raise less cotton and get more money for what is grown, there is a universal feeling that the other planters ought to reduce the acreage, while he has his usual crop and pockets a larger sum. The President of the American Cotton-Growers' Protective Association has called a convention at Memphis, December 20, to consider "the best procedure to meet and confront the industrial conditions that now confront us," and we observe that county conventions for the same purpose are being held in South Carolina. The aid of the Southern press is invoked, but the general feeling among the editors seems to be that nothing can be accomplished towards regulating the price of cotton by organized action on the part of the farmers. One reform, however, is within the grasp of the planter—that is, to produce on his farm what he consumes, instead of paying high prices to bring it from distant parts of the country; and the current discussion promises to strengthen a growing sentiment in favor of the general adoption of this rule.

The municipal election just held in Augusta, Ga., is of national interest for the light which it throws on political methods in the South. Augusta is a city of about 33,000 people, divided between the two races in the proportion of fifty-two whites to forty-eight blacks. Whites and blacks registered generally this year, and in about the same ratio as that of population. The whites were divided between three candidates, and it was early seen that the decision rested with the blacks. The only argument used with the blacks was bribery. Negro votes were bought, right and left; bought without any attempt at concealment. Each faction gathered its black supporters the night before the election, herded them in bull pens, wagon yards, and large halls, furnished them with all they wanted to eat and drink, marched them early to the polls, "voted them," and nonchalantly paid for their votes. The faction which had nominated ex-Senator Patrick Walsh won by a plurality of 800 over his closest rival. This victory was largely due to two points of tactics in which they outwitted the other factions. In the first place, the Walsh men led their black hosts to the polls at two o'clock in the morning, camped there, and would not let anybody else approach until they had "voted their men." In the second place, they paid their men in crisp new five-dollar greenbacks, just secured from Washington, while the others had nothing but the old, dirty, ragged paper money, which even the oldest, dirtiest, and raggedest negro despised in comparison with the fresh, new money.

Southern newspapers are commenting upon the indifference with which the Northern Republican press treats the project, now mooted in Louisiana, of practically disfranchising the great majority of the negroes by educational or property tests, after the example set by Mississippi and South Carolina. There is certainly a great difference between the present attitude of this press towards such a proposition and the sentiment manifested when the idea was broached in the constitutional convention of Mississippi seven years ago. There are various other reasons for the change, but one which comes home to most editors just now grows out of the scheme to annex Hawaii. This scheme is based upon the principle that the native Hawaiians, who are admitted to be overwhelmingly opposed to annexation, have no claim whatever to be heard in the matter, because, as the Rev. Dr. S. E. Bishop, son of a missionary and himself a missionary pastor, puts it, the Hawaiian "can no more rule than a child," and "in kindness he cannot be left to assert a right to control the vast public interests here." Every candid person admits that the native Hawaiian has as much claim to vote as the Louisiana negro. New England now confesses that the Hawaiian's claim to a share in the government under which he lives amounts to nothing. Even New England sees the absurdity of arguing that the whites have a right to suppress the suffrage of a lower race in Hawaii and have not the same right in Mississippi.

Much has been said by the press of late in favor of publishing the pension lists as a means of "spotting" men who are drawing money from the Government, to which they have no just claim. The theory is that there must be a good many cases of fraud, and that publicity of this sort would be the surest way of bringing them to light and putting an end to the abuse. This certainly seems a reasonable view to take, and probably nine people out of ten would say that the proposed scheme must operate in this way. But the Poughkeepsie *Eagle* has distinct recollections of a previous experiment along these lines that worked very differently. When the lists were printed, "severe comments were made on some of the names," but that was all. No complaints went to the Pension Office, because "no one cared to go back on a neighbor or to be the cause of bad blood in the neighborhood." Nor was this the worst of it. So far from getting unworthy names off the list, "many an old veteran, seeing names on the list of people as well off physically as himself, remarked to himself that if so-and-so received a pension, he was as well entitled, and forthwith made application." Moreover, the printed lists gave the pension agents a host of names to work for increases of pensions, so that the Government was out a large sum by the publication. The only conclusion seems to be that reform of the pension system is impossible.

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Some extremely interesting information upon the character of Platt law-making is afforded in the letter of a Binghamton correspondent of the *Evening Post*. It confirms the view of the Raines ballot-law amendments which we expressed during the late campaign, namely, that they had been constructed for the purpose of making independent nominations so difficult as to be virtually impossible. So far as this city was concerned, Platt's requirement of 500 signatures for an Assembly nomination by petition, instead of being a blessing to him became a curse, for it led to the creation in nearly every district of the city of an anti-Platt organization, 500 strong, and to the nomination of so many anti-Platt candidates as to defeat all his Assembly nominees. In the country districts, as the correspondent points out, the excessive requirements for independent nominations fixed by Raines for Platt are, in many instances, in excess of the actual voting population, and hence prohibitory. They were known to be such at the time of their enactment, and Gov. Morton was requested to withhold his approval on that ground, but he declined to do so. Nobody will be surprised to learn that Platt and Raines are enemies of independent voting, and not real friends of ballot reform. The fact that they have succeeded in hampering the people in their use of the nomination by petition does not detract from that method of nomination as the most powerful weapon with which to fight the machine primary. It merely shows that the machine itself recognizes the method as an enemy which must be incapacitated if possible.

The arrogance of English labor leaders is evidently making the Government nervous. After all the negotiations, the great engineers' strike seems no nearer settlement. The employers have apparently decided to fight through to the end the question of their right to manage their own business; they are losing vast sums by the strike, but they would ultimately lose everything if they submitted to trades-union dictation in every detail of hours and wages and number of apprentices. This ominous moment has been chosen by the railway unions to threaten a strike of their own, and they confidently appealed to the President of the Board of Trade for sympathy. But Mr. Ritchie wrote them a severe letter, telling them that their position was unjustifiable, and reminding them that they were "a specially privileged body." Precisely; that is just what they thought they were. Hence their intolerable demands. How could they be blamed for thinking themselves a specially privileged body after all the Tory talk and legislation in their behalf—after Mr. Chamberlain's employers' liability bill and his renewed promise of old-age pensions? Those were special privileges, and it was only more of the same that they were asking. They may well feel hurt at Mr. Ritchie's turning again to rend them; but they should take his rebuke as only expressing the growing exasperation of the country at their overweening pretensions.

Lord Salisbury's announcement that legislation will be introduced next session breaking up London once more into small municipalities, has fallen like a thunderbolt among his followers, and they are busy as bees explaining it away, and pretending that he did not mean what he seemed to mean. In fact, it is apparently one of those "blazing indiscretions" which, according to Mr. Morley, Lord Salisbury is apt to utter nearly every time he opens his mouth in public. The creation of the London Council was the work of the Conservative Government when it was last in power, and the proposal now to abolish it or deprive it of most of its power, is nearly as great a fiasco as the confession that a Bismarck was needed to deal with the Turk. The truth is, not that the London County Council is unequal to its work or has done it badly, but that the Conservative chiefs are growing increasingly afraid of it. Even "minds like Mr. Balfour's" dread its becoming a sort of rival parliament, or commune, with distinct socialistic tendencies, so freely has it responded to several modern demands about wages and improvements. One of its worst terrors is its well-known designs on ground rents in London, which are, now that their country properties have fallen off, the mainstay of several of the great peers—in fact, it is said, of Lord Salisbury himself. There is a growing opinion in favor of taxing these on some different principle, which would greatly lessen their enormous value. Other Radical ideas have also made their way into the Council, so as to make it seem to many of the good old Tories a pestilent institution.

The Emperor's speech at the opening of the Reichstag last week was only the last of many accumulating signs that he has set his heart upon a fighting navy. The halls and committee-rooms of the Reichstag had been for some months hung with naval pictures and sketches from William's own hand. Such a thing it is for an Emperor to be a universal genius! Two great sheets, in particular, gave sketches of the English and German fleets respectively. The first, with its vast array of armored ships and cruisers, carried the legend, written in the Emperor's nervous hand, "A Fleet of the First Rank." The other, labelled "Then and Now," showed the decline in numbers of the German navy since 1886, and a long note explained how new ships must at once be built if the progress of the modern marine was at all to be kept up with by Germany. At the bottom of all stood the signature, "W. I. R., 1897," which, being interpreted, means, of course, Wilhelm Imperator Rex. No mere Kaiser König would do; something was required to go well with *sic volo, sic jubeo*, in ordering a navy, and Imperator Rex was just the thing. Then there came the petty embroilment with Hayti and the occasion for demanding an indemnity from China, both of which were seized upon by the Emperor to magnify the navy. This was the immediate comment of Radical and Clerical German papers. They saw how the tall talk to Hayti and the seizure of Kiao-Chau were intended to inflame the mind of the German people, and lead them to favor extensive naval plans. All this was confirmed fully by William himself, when he spoke, with unintentional bathos, of his devotion to the glory of the country abroad and the grandeur of the fleet being such that he had even pledged his brother, Prince Henry, to the great work. Artemus Ward laying all his wife's relations on the altar of country was a more impressive figure.

Will the Emperor get his marks and his ships voted him? Probably not even he himself expects that he will from the present Reichstag. The term of that body expires next year, when a new Reichstag must be elected, and it is doubtless to influence the elections of 1898 that all the naval parade is arranged. The present Reichstag has sullenly withstood and defeated some of William's pet plans. It voted down his law for the suppression of the right of public meeting, last May, by 207 to 53. In general, out of 397 members, the Government can count upon only about 100; the Opposition of various shades can muster something like 200 votes, while the remaining 97 vote sometimes with and sometimes against the Government. It is not denied that a majority is now bitterly opposed to granting enlarged naval credits; and the probability is strong, therefore, that the Emperor will have to wait at least till 1898 to get his naval toys. If a foreign war should supervene, the whole situation might change in a day; but if Germany continues at peace, the likelihood is as we say. As for the prospect of getting a more docile Reichstag next year, it cannot be said to be flattering. The political tide has been running against the Government since 1893. In bye-elections since that date they have lost eleven seats in the Reichstag—four being captured by the Radical Progressives, and three by the Social Democrats. If affairs remain as they are, it would seem certain that a programme of extravagant naval expenditure would result only in a majority, of radical and socialistic tendency, in the next Reichstag against the Emperor.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President McKinley's message is mainly concerned with three questions, viz., Currency reform, Cuba, and Hawaiian annexation. The relative importance of these three is indicated by the order in which they are treated. Currency reform comes first. It is important, he says, to make the demand obligations of the Government less onerous, and to relieve our financial laws from ambiguity and doubt. These demand obligations amount to $900,000,000, consisting of various kinds of fiduciary circulation. They are all good, because the Government's pledge has been given to keep them good, but, he prudently adds, "the guarantee of our purpose to keep the pledge will be best shown by advancing toward its fulfilment." As the first step in this advance, he makes the following recommendation:

> "I earnestly recommend, as soon as the receipts of the Government are quite sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Government, that, when any of the United States notes are presented for redemption in gold and are redeemed in gold, such notes shall be kept and set apart and only paid out in exchange for gold."

As this proposal has been recently and pretty fully commented on in our columns, we may pass over it now with a single remark. The President recognizes the fact that a surplus revenue is necessary to carry this measure into effect. The Government is now living in part on the proceeds of bond issues made by the Cleveland Administration. Those borrowings may last some time longer, but the end will come. Unless the revenues rise to the measure of expenditures, the bottom of the chest will be found, and then not only will currency reform be impossible, but the public will become alarmed again and will rush, long before the bottom is reached, to draw out gold while the supply lasts. It is only needful to remark on this point that when Congress takes up this question, the question of the deficit must be considered at the same time.

This measure of currency reform is a homœopathic dose, but it is important, nevertheless, since, if it were passed and a surplus revenue were secured, it would keep the currency equal to gold as long as the Bryanites were kept out of office, but no longer. No measure of reform can be considered adequate which leaves the basis of all values the sport of caucuses, conventions, and biennial or quadrennial elections. Secretary Gage's plan of currency reform is commended to the careful consideration of Congress, but is not specifically endorsed, except in three or four minor points, to which the President adds one of his own, namely, that if Congress shall approve of the previous recommendations of the message, then it shall provide that the national banks be required to redeem their notes in gold. That is not a bad idea, nor would the banks object to it, since it would be quite easy for them to send in their greenbacks and get the gold with which to redeem their notes. The advantage of this proviso would be that it would push greenbacks into the Treasury, where, in case the President's first recommendation is carried into effect, they will be held fast till gold is deposited to take them out.

The Cuban question is considered at great length, and upon the whole in a satisfactory manner. The present Government of Spain is treated with marked deference; its plan for Cuban autonomy is commended. The terms offered by Spain to the island, as transmitted by cable by Minister Woodford, are recited. They are substantially the same as the rights enjoyed by Canada. The fiscal provisions embrace the right to frame the insular budget, both as to expenditure and revenues, without limitation of any kind, and to set apart the revenues to meet the Cuban share of the national budget, which latter will be voted by the national Cortes with the assistance of Cuban Senators and Deputies; to initiate or take part in the negotiations of the national Government for commercial treaties which may affect Cuban interests; to accept or reject commercial treaties which the national Government may have concluded without the participation of the Cuban Government; to frame the colonial tariff, acting in accord with the peninsula Government in scheduling articles of mutual commerce between the mother country and the colonies. There is, perhaps, some room for discord touching the last of these provisions.

When Congress was in session a few months ago, a joint resolution granting belligerent rights to the Cuban rebels had passed our frisky Senate and had been deposited under the cushion of Speaker Reed's chair. President McKinley deals with this subject in an admirable manner, showing in no offensive way that the granting of belligerent rights is not a legislative, but an executive proceeding; that its exercise depends upon facts which can be ascertained only by the Executive, and that the granting of belligerency would not change the status of the rebels, except for the worse, since it would give Spain the right of search on the high seas, even up to the margin of our territorial waters. The impressive words used by Gen. Grant in a message to Congress on a similar occasion are quoted at length and approved. Indeed, the granting of belligerent rights to the Cuban rebels is discountenanced in every possible way. The upshot of the whole Cuban matter is that we ought to help the Cubans to gain autonomy, but not to commit any breach of the law of nations, and that, "if it shall hereafter appear to be a duty imposed by our obligations to ourselves, to civilization and humanity, to intervene with force, it shall be without fault on our part, and only because the necessity for such action will be so clear as to command the support and approval of the civilized world." If the latter condition is fulfilled, not even Spain will have room for complaint. The message, indeed, can hardly fail to have a strong influence in Spain and Cuba, as well as in the United States, and we cannot doubt that the influence will be beneficial.

The question of Hawaiian annexation is rather lightly touched upon. The President thinks that "every consideration of dignity and honor" requires that the treaty of annexation be ratified, but he does not say how the dignity of any individual Senator would be promoted by turning around as suddenly as the President himself did in reference to this question. He is in favor of extending "the most just provisions for self-rule in local matters, with the largest political liberties as an integral part of our nation" to the Hawaiians, but he means by Hawaiians only the handful of men who constitute the present Government, and their supporters, for he immediately refers to them as those who have governed themselves five years and "have come of their own free will to merge their own destinies in our body politic." It is generally supposed that not more than 3,500 of the inhabitants of the islands have "come of their own free will," and it cannot be said that the extension of provisions for self-rule to that number would be a very large grant of popular rights.

The subject of international bimetallism forms one of the minor topics of the message, but the President does not hold out any expectation that the ends of the Wolcott Commission will be gained. He says that "they believe" so and so. He does not say that he shares their beliefs, but he endorses their ability and fitness to deal with the subject, and bows them out with his blessing.

"JAMMING THROUGH."

One of the most serious signs of our time is undoubtedly the growing disinclination to discuss important public measures, either on the platform or in the press. Public men avoid nearly every species of oratory except indefinite praise of their own party and vague abuse of the other. What my party does is surely right—what the other party does is surely wrong—is the burden of every speech. So it is with the press. Things are right not because they are right, but because our party has proposed them; therefore, we are relieved from the necessity of giving any other reasons. The art of debate is thus falling into disuse among all classes of the community except college undergraduates, who are now making a gallant effort to revive the traditions of better days. Of course, politicians eagerly avail themselves of this

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public sufferance. Knowing that no discussion will be looked for, they concoct all sorts of schemes privately, put the party stamp upon them in some hotel parlor, and then produce them as measures sanctioned by the party caucus, and therefore "sure to pass." The first thing the public hears about them is that they are Republican or Democratic measures, and must be swallowed. Any objections which may be raised are sure to come from two classes—the opposite party and the Mugwumps. As a matter of course, under the rules of party warfare, no attention is paid to what the other party says, and to pay attention to what the Mugwumps say would be a sign of unusual weakness, indicating a want of virility and courage. In this way all need for discussion is got rid of. Everybody whose opinion is cared for approves, and the others may go to Jericho.

Two striking examples of the results of this system are now before our eyes —the creation of Croker's "Greater New York" and the Hawaii annexation. The Greater New York was created on exactly this system. It was concocted in private, without any popular demand, and passed quickly without a word of debate. All objections from whatever quarter were left unanswered, all criticisms left unnoticed. The result was probably the greatest disgrace that has ever befallen a civilized community—the delivery of a great city, with all its offices and revenues, by the votes of a majority of its own citizens, to be disposed of almost absolutely by an ignorant man who can barely write his name. Worse calamities have befallen many cities, but their conqueror came in through a breach, over the dead bodies of their bravest men.

The Hawaiian annexation is another example. The important feature in this is not the mere seizure of some small islands. It is the entrance on an entirely new policy which the occurrence marks. For one hundred years it has been the boast of this republic that it had not owed any of its territory to conquest, that every man on its soil lived under majority rule, and that no man's allegiance could be transferred, or political duty created, except by the votes of his fellow-citizens. Herein lay our proudest distinction from the Old World. In the case of Hawaii we propose to depart from this policy. We began by helping a band of "sons of missionaries" to seize an island by a sort of "confidence operation," that is, by getting the local government to believe a lie. We then made a desperate effort to secure the "swag" by preventing the injured parties from getting to Washington until we had stored our plunder in a United States warehouse. When the scheme was temporarily defeated by President Cleveland's sense of honor, we did not go to work to win public opinion over to the enterprise by any of the ordinary instruments of Republican persuasion—that is, by a propaganda by tongue or pen. We simply lay low. We buried the subject in silence and obscurity. The country ought to have rung with it, so important is it to the future of our government. But what we did was to get the Republican party into power in order to save us from free silver and Bryanism; not in order to pass a high tariff and coin silver along with foreign nations at 15½ to 1, and to annex Hawaii. As soon as we got it into power, the party promptly passed a high tariff, sent emissaries abroad to get foreigners to join us in 15½-to-1 silver coinage, and prepared to annex Hawaii, having done nothing whatever to reform the currency, or even proposed a plan about it.

The annexation is now, we are informed, ready for execution. It is "sure to pass." It will be "jammed through." There has been no discussion of it. There is no need of any. No objections to it have been or will be noticed. The grotesque part of it is that the solitary defence of it which has come to our notice comes from an American missionary in Hawaii, in last week's *Independent*. His arguments, considering their source—a preacher of righteousness sent abroad to evangelize the Hawaiians—are decidedly droll. He is seventy years old, the son of a missionary, and a missionary himself for sixteen years. He and his father have drawn money from the New England Christians for their support for half a century, and, probably, all this time have been sending home glowing reports of their work, to be read at missionary meetings. The result, according to himself, is that the monarchy, twenty years ago, from being "generous and high-minded," began to "show despotic and heathenish tendencies," and "perverted the ways of the people." In 1893 it "hopelessly succumbed," under the guns of a United States man-of-war and the fraudulent representation of the United States Minister, and "the weaker race were displaced from control" by "the band of excellent men" now "in charge." There are, he says, two reasons for annexation, viz., "the need of a commercial and military key of the North Pacific," and again the need of protection for a "noble American and European colony," and a resplendent "American civilization," now menaced by the Japanese.

He acknowledges that there is a demand for a "plébiscite" and that the "question of annexation be submitted to a vote of the Hawaiian people." Why is this not done? First, because the "general public interest" (that is, the interest of the American missionaries who are making money in the island) "denies to the native Hawaiians any exclusive right to determine the national destiny of the island," seeing how useful the island is as a "commercial and military key," and how thoroughly the white colony is stamping out leprosy. Secondly, because the Hawaiians are a declining race, while the wicked Portuguese are "prolific" and multiplying, in indifference to American plans, and will eventually, if not stopped, overcome the natives, to say nothing of the immigration of the Japanese. Thirdly, because of the want of "foresight" on the part of the Hawaiians. Fourthly, because "the question is one too broad and far-reaching for the mass of the people to vote on with any intelligence."

We have never seen the justification of conquest and despotism stated with more childlike simplicity. It is exactly what Napoleon would have said to any of his subjects if he had taken the trouble to give them reasons for enslaving them. But coming from a missionary, and the son of an American missionary, it has a sweet reasonableness which a rude soldier could never give it. But we never read these missionary sophistries without recalling Wendell Phillips's trumpet call in Faneuil Hall, sixty years ago, when he invoked Divine vengeance on a Boston doughface who was dealing out similar pagan sophistries in defence of similar abuse of power.

THE PASSING OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

The Highland regiments raised in the British service after 1745 were probably, except Cromwell's Ironsides, the best troops it has ever had. They were men trained to fighting from their youth, and had a devotion to leaders which knew no bounds. Their valor under Wolfe, at Quebec, in the Peninsula, and at New Orleans, and, though last, not least, Walter Scott's novels, made their once hated costume both picturesque and romantic. They became the pets of the British army, and the public admiration undoubtedly did much to keep up their morale. Lowland Scotchmen got to be proud of wearing the kilt, and, in fact, the whole Scotch people became Highlanders, to whom it was natural to go with bare legs and carry their money in a "sporran." But the real Highlanders began to disappear slowly from the ranks as soon as, in the thirties, they began to disappear from the Highlands. The great clearances made by the landlords in order to introduce sheep farms sent to America thousands of the hardy men of the "black-houses" in the glens, who used to enlist, as the Irish enlisted, as an escape from poverty. When the sheep-farms gave way to "deer-forests" and grouse-moors, the same process continued, but latterly the people emigrated more willingly. It is almost literally true that there are no Highlanders in the Highlands to-day. One meets gamekeepers in the deserted glens who re-

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monstrate with you for frightening the deer, and "gillies" who load and clean the guns for Manchester men and Americans, who hire the moors. One sees tailors and butchers and the like who go round the country in the summer to the various "gatherings of the clans" which take place for the amusement of the English visitors, and dance the sword dance and throw the hammer and the stone to make a little money; but there are no more Highlanders.

Of course this has had its effect on recruiting. There are now, for this reason, no Highlanders in the British army, and there are comparatively few Lowland Scotchmen. The recruiting sergeant picks up a few boys about Edinburgh and Stirling Castle, but the stalwart battalions who fought at New Orleans and in the Crimea, and followed Havelock and Colin Campbell in India, are seen no more. In fact, the Scotch have ceased to enlist, for the simple reason that they can do better. Scotchmen generally are too prosperous and industrious and canny, and emigrate too easily, to take "the Queen's shilling." The famous Highland regiments are now made up mainly of Englishmen and Irishmen, and consequently are really a kind of picturesque and harmless imposture. Some years ago it came out, through a debate in Parliament, that one of the most famous, the "Cameronians," which was originally raised on the estates of Cameron of Lochiel, and whose gathering rose "wild and high," as Byron said, at Waterloo, had hardly any Scotchmen in it. Its ranks were filled with East Londoners, and the Secretary of War condoled with the Colonel over having to lead a regiment of cockneys disguised as mountaineers.

But the continued seizure by Scotland of the glory won by these regiments in the field to-day, was sure to make trouble between the nationalities before long, and there seems just now to be an outbreak of it. It was hard for the Irish and Englishmen who fought in kilts, to have Scotchmen getting drunk over their fame, so there has been a revolt. Lord William Beresford, a fighting Irishman of the navy, has gone down armed with suspicions to the War Office, and discovered that the "Gordon Highlanders" who stormed the heights of Dargal and set the Scotch bugles blowing, were mainly Irishmen, and that even the famous piper who piped the "Cock of the North" after being shot through both legs, was an Irishman named Findlater, and said, "Arrah, be aisy," instead of "Hoot, mon."

The wonder is the Irish have not complained sooner, for in military as in other matters they have not been used by the English with fairness or wisdom. Had they been allowed after the Union, as the Scotch were, to enlist in some uniform that seemed national and was green, and to have a harp on the regimental colors, they would doubtless have been tickled to death, for they are not a serious people. But, down to last year, soldiers were punished for putting a shamrock in their hats on Patrick's Day. So for nearly a hundred years they have gone on fighting all over the world for English and Scotch credit. There were two or three distinctively Irish regiments in the service, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and the Enniskillen Dragoons, and the Connaught Rangers, but they were in no way different from English regiments in dress or standards, and yet Wellington acknowledged in the House of Lords, that, had England not had Ireland for a recruiting ground, she could not have carried on the Peninsular war. Forty thousand Irishmen are said to have served in it, and a few years after the Union the Connaught Rangers overthrew the French Guard in the streets of Fuentes de Onoro.

Probably everybody in the British empire knows that Marlborough was an Englishman and Lord Clyde a Scotchman, but how many know that Wellington was an Irishman, and that Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley are also Irishmen? The achievements of these men and of others like them go to English or Scotch account, while to the Irish is left the glory of killing landlords and cutting off cows' tails. It is largely in these small things that Irish misgovernment consists. It has been made a crime and disgrace for the Irish to be national, while in the Scotch it has been encouraged, and the result is Irish hatred and alienation. The notion that it can all be cured by a visit from the Duke of York and Mr. Balfour is part of the same huge mistake which has made Irish history such a chapter of woe. Of course, the differences between the two peoples have been great. There were the differences of religion and race to begin with, and then there was the difference of temperament, which made an Irishman like O'Connell odious to an Englishman like Cobden; but what shall we say was the reason which made Tennyson consider O'Connell a villain, without ever having seen him, so that he had to be sorry and make amends afterwards, when he knew him?

WORK FOR ATHLETES.

We have often wondered what becomes, after graduation, of all the heroic virtues which the ruder athletics are said to develop in college men. That admirable self-denial, that stern self-control, that utter sinking of the individual in devotion to the good of the whole—personal ambition ruled entirely out, and the glory of the college put first—upon what do all these noble qualities expend themselves after undergraduate days are over, after the last goal is kicked, the last run scored, the boat's nose shoved in front for the last time? Are they visible in our politics? Do they tone up our society, our manners? Does a true athletic restraint and sobriety mark our newspaper press? We are not scouting the existence of the athlete's special virtues, but we do say that they are too precious to be allowed to evaporate and disappear the moment after taking a degree.

If they do seem to escape us after that critical event, if we do not find our public life sweetened and our social conditions ameliorated as we should expect them to be by the advent every year into active life of hundreds of football players, all dripping with the noblest virtues known to man—or, at least, to man in college—the inference must be either that those virtues have not really existed in the degree supposed, or that their possessors have not seen what a field for their continuous exercise the world offers. We are content, for to-day, to embrace the second alternative. Grant the virtues, in number and intensity, as great as the calmest college president with a champion team may allege; how strange the blindness which prevents these young heroes from seeing the opportunities for a man's work which life offers them on every side.

We are the more inclined to dwell upon this aspect of the matter because it is so easy to recall more than one example of splendid athletes who have done splendid work as men. Their cases give some color, it must be confessed, to the argument that the stuff in a boy which leads him to delight in the rougher and harder forms of athletic competition is the very stuff which, in a man, fits him to endure hardship as a good soldier of religion or of civilization. English instances readily occur. There was the famous George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand. Both at Eton and Cambridge he was noted for his athletic prowess as he was for his scholarship; and he afterwards, in his voyages and hardships among the Pacific islands, displayed the same qualities of courage and versatility and energy which had made his reputation with bat and oar. Coming nearer to our own times, the renowned Cambridge cricketers, the Studd brothers, have, since leaving the university, won even greater renown by their tireless labors for the good of their fellow-men, in connection with the Inland Mission in China and in reform educational work among London's outcasts. The career of such men gives at least plausibility to the reasoning which says that the enthusiasm of the athletes' temperament is easily set on fire by the appeal of philanthropy.

We cannot, perhaps, match the Selwyns and the Studds with American rivals, though we certainly call to mind more than one hero of the football field or the baseball diamond of our colleges who has not been content to go on being

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known as an athlete that was, or a "coach."' One of the finest football players Princeton ever had, the Rev. Hector Cowan, is now, we believe, on the rush-line of Christian missions in darkest Africa. But there is much other work that has been done and is doing by young men which seems to us peculiarly fitted to appeal to an athletic nature. Take the experience which Mr. Jacob Riis has undergone in this city, in order to make himself the authority that he is on the problems of New York's poor. Mr. Riis has no record as a college athlete that we ever heard of, but he was shown the qualities of persistence and endurance, physical and moral, and self-denial which, it is said, athletics tend to produce. Then there is the very remarkable work done by Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff of Princeton, some of the results of which he has been giving in *Scribner's Magazine*, and has just now published in book form—'The Workers.' We do not imagine that Mr. Wyckoff ever stood high in the athletic world; but he went about his task of finding out from the inside what the life of a workingman really is, in a spirit that no athlete could surpass. He stood and worked beside ditchers, and farm-hands, and porters, and day laborers, and loggers, not getting, perhaps, as gloriously scarred and bruised and tired as a football player, but making a pretty fair show in the flesh, in that line, after all. And his results, while possibly not of the highest value, must yet, as sociological studies, leave the work of the closet sociologist far behind.

Our point is that the world is fairly aching for the kind of chivalrous, dashing workers that the college athletes are represented to be; and that they ought to be advised that the opportunity for a glorious career does not terminate with the close of their college life. If they like being thrown into the mud, let them get into the reeking ditch with Mr. Wyckoff. They can find plenty of dirt to nestle in and to fight, and they can have it all their life long, instead of simply for four fleeting years. If they think it so fine a thing to have an opposing eleven heaped upon them, and are stirred to a noble glow by the determination to shake them all off and get up to the goal-line at last, what delight they would take in political campaigning, with an 80,000 Tammany majority on their backs, and four years of fighting before it can be flung off!

Everywhere, in fact, difficult work to be done challenges the fine enthusiasm of young manhood. The more arduous it is, the more compelling its appeal. Prince Kropotkin, himself an example of what he speaks of, tells of the renunciation, from time to time, of wealth and rank by young men and women in Russia, that they may cast in their lot with what they believe to be the cause of light and freedom. Not exactly that cause, but causes which ought as strongly to stir a chivalrous soul, we have in abundance in this country. If our college athletes want to stop every mouth, and to convince all the world that everything that is asserted of their being in training in all manly virtue is true, let them make haste, after graduation, to show that they are as willing to suffer and be strong in the defence of humanity and morals as they ever were in defence of a goal.

AN ALLEGED SPECIE CIRCULAR OF 1827.

BRUNSWICK, ME., November 23, 1897.

By the famous "specie circular" of July 11, 1836, the receivers of public money were instructed to receive, after the 15th of August following, in payment for lands, "nothing except what is directed by the existing laws, viz., gold and silver, and, in the proper cases, Virginia land scrip." In discussing this circular, Professor W. G. Sumner, in his 'Life of Jackson' (p. 336), says, "A similar circular was issued in Adams's administration, which has hardly been noticed," and cites as a reference the 'Memoirs' of John Quincy Adams, vol. vii., p. 427. A similar statement, with the same reference, occurs in Schouler's 'History of the United States' (vol. iv., p. 262, note). The passage in Adams's 'Memoirs,' on which both of these writers appear to rely, is under date of February 8, 1828, and reads as follows:

"Mr. Rush [Secretary of the Treasury] brought me some papers from Alabama—a message from the Governor (Murphy) to the Legislature of the State, and a remonstrance from the Legislature addressed to Congress against an instruction from the Treasury Department to the Receivers of Public Moneys, at the Land Offices, dated last August, directing them to receive in payment for lands only specie, bills of the Bank of the United States or its branches, or bills of specie-paying banks of the State. The remonstrance of the Legislature is in language little short of frantic—a blustering, bullying style, which many of the State Governors and Governments adopt towards the General Administration, as if they considered insolence as their only means of demonstrating their sovereignty.

"Mr. Rush proposed some modification of the instructions, to remove any possible inconvenience to the purchasers. He is himself of a temper so mild and a deportment so courteous that the bitter invective, slanderous imputations, and reproachful malignity of this Alabama manifesto were quite distressing to him. I showed him a letter from a man in prison at New York, for some debt to the United States, addressed to me, which I had just received, written in much the same insulting style, and I told him I prized them both at about the same value."

I have not succeeded in finding a printed copy of the instruction referred to above. It does not appear to be in the Congressional documents, nor is it mentioned in Poore's 'Catalogue,' or in the annual reports of the Treasury and the General Land Office. Of the general histories and biographies treating of the period, I have found none, except those of Professor Sumner and Mr. Schouler, already cited, that allude to the matter. The debates in Congress in 1836-'37, on the bill to annul the specie circular, apparently make no mention of a "similar circular" of 1827, although at this point my examination has not been exhaustive. Yet it seems not unlikely that if, nine years before Jackson put forth his destructive edict, a "similar" order had been issued by the Treasury Department, the fact would have been used as a precedent by the friends and supporters of the Administration, if not by Jackson himself.

For a copy of the order referred to by Adams I am indebted to Mr. O. L. Spaulding, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Whether or not the order was printed, I am unable to say, the copy furnished me being in manuscript. The circular bears date August 22, 1827, and is supplementary to a circular of February 22, 1826. Of this latter, no copy of which appears to be in the Congressional documents, a manuscript copy was also kindly furnished me by Mr. Spaulding, and a printed copy, differing in minor details from the other, was placed at my disposal by the Commissioner of the General Land Office. The circular of 1826 is too long to reproduce here, but the following extract gives all that is relevant to the present purpose:

"In addition to specie, and the bills of the Bank of the United States and its branches, which are receivable in all payments to the United States, the moneys receivable for Public Lands are as follows: [then follows a list of the places from which the notes of incorporated banks therein, in addition to those banks of the State or Territory in which the land office is situated, will be received].

"But this permission to receive the notes of local or State banks is only to be in force provided those State banks pay specie for their notes on demand, and are otherwise in good credit.

"For the information of purchasers of Public Lands, each Receiver will publish in one newspaper in his district a list of the description of funds which he is hereby authorized to receive; and he will give notice, in like manner, of any change which may occasionally take place. But, in all such publications, he will state that, although for the accommodation of purchasers, the local or State bank notes therein enumerated are at present receivable, it is desirable that payments be made in specie, or the notes of the bank of the United States or its branches; and that, as the receipt of any of the local or State banks may be discontinued at any time without previous notice, it will be well for those who have payments to make, to provide themselves with specie, or notes of the United States bank or its branches. . . ."

The circular of August 22, 1827, is as follows:

"It has been found advisable, for various considerations, so far to carry into effect an intimation given in my instruction of the 22d February, 1826, as to discontinue the receipt, at any land office, of the notes of any local or State bank not established or existing in the State or Territory where the land office is situated. But that those who intend to purchase public land may have ample time to prepare for this change, it will not go into operation until the 1st of January, 1828.

"On the receipt of this instruction, the receivers of public moneys will give the necessary notice in one of the newspapers in their districts, and will continue it once a week until the change takes place. The notice should be accompanied with the caution mentioned in the instruction before referred to, that purchasers of Public lands may provide themselves with specie or notes of the bank of the United States or its branches.

"In continuing to receive the notes of banks in the State or Territory in which their land-office is situated, the receivers will conform particularly to the instruction already mentioned, in guarding against the receipt of the notes of any banks that do not pay in specie on demand, or that are not in undoubted good credit; and as the receivers have means, which this department, from its remoteness, has not, of judging of the character and condition of the banks in their State or Territory, full confidence is entertained that they will use all

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necessary vigilance in preventing the receipt of any notes by which loss may happen to the United States."

A comparison of this Treasury order of 1827 and the specie circular of 1836 shows, as it seems to me, few points of real resemblance. The order of 1827 restricted the payments for lands to specie, notes of the Bank of the United States or its branches, and notes of specie-paying banks in the State or Territory in which the land-office was situated. The circular of 1836 restricted such payments to gold and silver, and, in certain cases, Virginia land scrip, this last not a resource of great importance. The circular of 1827 put a stop to the reception of the notes of local banks outside of the State or Territory in which the land-office was located. The circular of 1836 forbade the reception of the notes of any bank, wherever situated. The fact that persons having payments to make are urged to provide themselves with specie does not seem essentially to alter the character or import of the earlier order; notes of the Bank of the United States were declared equally acceptable. I am inclined to think, accordingly, that the two circulars can be said to be "similar" only by a very free use of the term. Indeed, the words of Adams's own entry in his diary seem to suggest quite plainly an order radically different from that issued at Jackson's direction.

It would be interesting to know more of the remonstrance of the Alabama Legislature, of which Adams speaks. From his account of it, it must have been a lurid document. A somewhat extended search, however, has failed to discover the text of the resolution or any allusion to such a communication. Alabama was much exercised, during this period, over the condition of the public-land business in the State, and a number of memorials, of various sorts, were presented to Congress, and are printed in the Congressional documents, and in the "Public Lands" series of the 'American State Papers'; but none of them, so far as I have found, answers to Adams's description, or refers to the Treasury circular of 1827. The journals of the House and Senate do not seem to contain a record of the presentation of such a memorial. Whether or not the document is in the archives of Alabama, I do not know. A further order, however, supplementary to those of February 22, 1826, and August 22, 1827, was issued February 22, 1828, in which, after reciting the paragraphs directing the receivers to give notice of the kinds of funds receivable in payments for lands, and urging payment in specie or notes of the Bank of the United States, the following modification was directed to be made:

"But, in all such publications, he [the receiver] will state that, although for the accommodation of purchasers, the local or State banknotes therein enumerated are at present receivable, the receipt of any such notes may be discontinued at any time, if, in the opinion of the receiver, they cannot be safely received."

The above paragraph is from a copy of the circular furnished me by the Commissioner of the General Land Office. It suggests the reflection that, if the circular of 1828 proved acceptable to Alabama, the excitement of the State was pretty easily allayed.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 23, 1897.

That the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury is a failure has long been evident to those who have had facilities for looking into the details of the proceedings of the Foreign Office. It has been said for more than a year, to my certain knowledge, by some of the most strenuous supporters of the Government, that Lord Salisbury was incompetent to direct the conduct of foreign affairs, and that his continuance in the direction was a menace of disaster. That he has lost nerve and grown timid and hesitating is of common knowledge, but the history of his actual tenure of the Foreign Office shows it (in full knowledge of the difficulties and advantages of the situation) to have been one of the weakest which the recent annals of English government afford. What must be said in his defence, however, is that the late Government, by its fruitless attempts to arrive at a good understanding with France, and its perpetual and weak concessions to French assumptions, had so gravely compromised the position that Salisbury had little ground to stand on for the preparation of his defence.

The pressure of public opinion on account of the Armenian massacres brought a momentary energy into the decisions of the Foreign Office, and the first act of the Minister was to reëstablish the old accord between England, Italy, and Austria, originally made in 1888, when Crispi and Salisbury were in power, for common action in the Turkish Empire. Italy accepted the renewal of the programme of action eagerly, as Crispi's ambition had always been to bring Italy into a definite alliance with England; but Austria, bound by the agreement and unable to refuse, still accepted with reluctance, arising from the fact that she was not prepared for the raising of the Eastern question, which would have been the inevitable consequence of the actuation of Salisbury's programme. There was, too, in official circles, the further reason for reluctance in the feeling that it was rather for the Austrian Government to take the initiative in a question that lay at its borders than for the English, so far away and animated only by sentimental considerations, which to the Eastern Powers were of so little weight. However, Austria yielded, even if reluctantly, and the programme of the new triple alliance was in substance adopted, as was shown by the immediate and effective pressure on the Sultan to accord the long-promised reforms under penalty of forcing the Dardanelles and presenting the united squadrons before Constantinople. An immediate movement would have met with no real opposition. The fortifications at the Dardanelles were not in a state of defence, though a slight delay would have permitted them to be made so, and Russia was not ready for a movement, while there had been no understanding between Russia and France. The Italian Government had, before renewing the accord of 1888 with England, consulted the Emperor of Germany as to accepting the English proposition to renew, and had received the most emphatic approval, the Emperor giving to King Humbert his imperial word of honor that, whatever might be the consequences of the step, he would back Italy to the last man, practically putting England at the head of a quadruple alliance, and making her the arbiter of the settlement of the Eastern question.

In consequence of this disposition, Crispi ordered the fleet to Smyrna in support of the English, and mobilized a corps d'armée for debarkation in Asia Minor in support of any operations necessary in the Dardanelles or beyond, and the Austrian fleet was prepared for such operation as might have followed, though the naval force brought on the field of action by England and Italy combined was irresistible by any possible opposing force. Certainly at this moment the raising of the Venezuela question by the United States was a grave embarrassment for Salisbury—not, as we supposed, from any fear of the United States, for England even alone has never shown fear of any combination, but because the event of a war between the United States and England is regarded by a large and influential portion of English people as such a disaster to civilization that only the gravest necessity should drive England into it. With the support of Italy, Austria, and Germany, who would have necessarily been England's allies in the case of any aggression by the United States, England had nothing to fear in the long run, except from English sentiment; and in spite of the momentary check caused by the attention of the Foreign Office being absorbed by the Venezuela question, nothing prevented Salisbury from solving the question at Constantinople in a short, vigorous campaign, concluded before the American diversion could have come to a head.

At this juncture, however, the French Government intervened with solicitations for postponement, in view of a combined action of all the Powers, with an apparently amicable pressure which Salisbury was not strong enough to resist; and the naturally to be anticipated long discussions began, with interminable delays, with preparations and final intervention on the part of Russia, and the ulterior consequence of a secret treaty between the Tsar and the Sultan, which gave the former the effectual protectorate of the Turkish empire. The position now became impregnable, except in the event of a general war, for which Salisbury had not the nerve nor England the desire. The opportunity was lost, but, what was much worse, the opportunty for future cooperation of Germany with England was also lost. The contingent consequences of the weakness of Lord Salisbury were soon felt in two directions. The German Emperor, exasperated at the way in which Salisbury had trifled with and betrayed the Triple Alliance in its representatives, Italy and Austria, especially the former, became hostile to England, and, to atone for having abandoned Russian interests, became their most strenuous supporter. It was clear to him that no reliance could be placed on the policy of Salisbury, and the Emperor was compelled to become the supporter of all the plans of the Tsar, in order to efface recollection of his concession to the policy of England. This extremely awkward position, in which he had been placed by his desire to come into practical contact with England, sufficiently explains his subsequent animosity towards Salisbury; for it was against him rather than England that the imperial animosity was felt.

The real disaster, however, arising from Salisbury's weakness (and, it must be admitted, his want of good faith) fell on Italy. The French Government had, on the second

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advent of Crispi to power, made him direct overtures for a more conciliatory policy towards France, promising him distinctly a treaty of commerce and commercial advantages if he would withdraw from the accord with England in Morocco and Egypt. These propositions Crispi refused, and this refusal was the signal for the active undertaking of the Franco-Abyssinian intrigues against Eritrea. The accession of Italy to the English Oriental policy, reversing the tendencies of the former Italian ministry, which was entirely pro-Russian, carried Russia over to the new policy in Abyssinia, the result of which was the war on Italy that resulted in the disaster of Adowah. In vain Crispi appealed to England for at least a diplomatic support at the Abyssinian capital; Salisbury, grown still more timid, withdrew even the slight support of the Italian claims which Rosebery had offered; and England permitted the crushing of her only faithful ally to be carried out without even a diplomatic remonstrance, while Italy was punished for her adhesion to England, with the tacit consent of the English ministry. It is safe to say that, under similar circumstances, Lord Rosebery would have behaved differently, for Kimberley had already practically admitted the justice of Italy's demands before the Liberal ministry fell. The immediate cause of the fall of Crispi was the disaster of Adowah, but there were agencies at work, also indirectly due to the defection of England, which placed his ministry in a most critical situation even before the battle of Adowah.

The exasperation of the German Emperor next fell on Italy, already practically abandoned by England—for the movement up the Nile which was made immediately after the disaster of Adowah had no connection with that affair, but was made at the request of Crispi under apprehension of the cooperation of the Dervishes with the Abyssinians and the capture of Kassala by the former, and was much more in the interest of Egypt than of Italy. The Italian Government held that position only at the disposition of the Egyptian. On the other frontier, where the Italian ministry had requested permission to pass by English territory to make a diversion in favor of the Eritrean forces, Salisbury refused cynically the slightest moral support. The preservation of Kassala was necessary to Egyptian interests, and therefore the movement into the Sudan was made. Whereas Germany's policy in maintaining allied relations with Italy had been primarily to make that country a bond for securing England's at least passive adhesion to the Triple Alliance as the gage of European peace, with the advent of strained relations with England the renewed necessity for a more cordial understanding with Russia became the motive of the diplomacy of the Emperor, and Italy (especially under Crispi, who was strongly antagonistic to the understanding with the Tsar, established by Rudini in 1891 and renewed in 1895 after Adowah) lost all importance to Germany. When Crispi, therefore, coming to power after the fall of Giolitti, intimated to Germany that he should denounce the treaty of the Triple Alliance in order to secure in the new negotiations for its renewal better terms for Italian interests, the Emperor sent orders to the Quirinal to dispense with Crispi. This was the signal for the unloosing of all the intrigues of court and cabal (always hostile to that minister) against the ministry, and the instant result was to paralyze the direction of the affairs of Eritrea, where Crispi had insisted on superseding Baratieri, seen to be utterly incompetent for the increased burthen of an extended command. The immediate and disastrous result was the precipitate action of Baratieri, informed of the pending arrival of Baldissera, who would outrank and supersede him (a solution arrived at as a compromise between the dismissal desired by the ministry and the confirmation in the command insisted on by court and cabal), and the attack, contrary to the orders of the ministry, on the impregnable positions of the Abyssinians, the outcome of which had been by all the authorities foreseen, and by the opponents of the ministry desired as a demonstration of the ruinous policy of Crispi and a pretext for his dismissal.

Now we begin to perceive the sinister results of the cynicism of Lord Salisbury in reference to Italian interests in Africa. Instead of an ally on the upper Nile holding in check both Abyssinia and the Dervishes, England has opposed to her the greatly increased power of the Negus, supported and directed by France and Russia; the Italian Government, under the same influences, disposed to evacuate Eritrea; the already effected occupation by the French of Fashioda, on the upper Nile; and an up-stream fight to establish the desired communication between the upper and lower Nile valleys—the prime object of the Sudan expedition with all its sacrifices and embarrassments. This is an incomplete summary of the results of a single blunder in the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury, the refusal to support by his diplomatic pressure the interests of his ally, even in a case in which those of England were identical with those of the ally. If the English public were not indifferent to the opinion of other publics, it would not be possible for a government, Conservative or Liberal, thus totally to disregard the moral obligations of an alliance not formally consecrated in a written treaty. It will be difficult for England to find again even an Italian Government ready to enter into an alliance without some guarantee against being left to suffer the penalty of its complaisance.

I have already admitted the grave fact that the preceding ministry had compromised the situation, but not to the relative degree that Lord Salisbury, in the speech he has just made, has implied. It is true that the inertness of Gladstone, and, following him, Rosebery, had consented to aggressions in Siam, and to the adoption of extreme measures in Madagascar which were in violation of the engagement of the Republic; but Kimberley had given his successor an example of fidelity to Italy in his recognition of the right of Italy to claim the good will of England at Zeila, which Salisbury withdrew from; and, on the Makong, England was the guardian of Siamese interests which she had no right to sacrifice for peace's sake. One does not take such responsibilities on himself without the determination to uphold them, and the weakness of the Liberal ministry is no justification for the repetition of the same mistakes for which public opinion had so strongly condemned their predecessors. It is useless to palliate the weakness of Lord Salisbury by accusing Gladstone of having had no foreign policy. It was on this very ground that Gladstone was attacked, and yet Salisbury has surpassed Gladstone in his concessions, or, more properly, recessions, for he has been beaten back simply by the French aggressions. Tunis is the most flagrant case of Salisbury's omissions. The occupation of this province was effected by the consent of England, accompanied by the indifference of all the other Powers except Italy, to which it is a most grave menace, but with the express and distinct promise on the part of France that it should not be made a military station, nor should it be annexed. The fact is that it has been made a formidable military port, menacing all the defences of Italy, and commanding the passage from Gibraltar and Alexandria in the most effective manner. The recent treaty between England and France condones all the latter's violations of her engagements, and abandons Italy as completely as could be done under an understanding on a peace footing. X.

Correspondence.

COLLEGE ENGLISH ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Judging by the communications which have reached me, the article in the *Nation*, some time since, reviewing the recent report of the committee on English of the board of Harvard Overseers, has attracted no inconsiderable attention. The same is true of another article of similar character in the Springfield *Republican* of November 15. Evidently, not only those engaged in the secondary education, but the professors and other instructors of English in the various universities, take a lively, and what seems likely to prove a most fruitful, interest in the discussion.

As a rule, these letters and communications dwell on two sides of the problem. The first is what may, with those engaged in the secondary education, be called the practical side; the second, the literary side. Of those who look at the question from its practical or school-teachers' side, the minds of most seem still working over the time problem. They say, and with much force when the matter is looked at from the point of view of the system in use: "Puzzled as we already are to fit boys for college at the average age of nineteen even, where are we to find the necessary time to assume 'English A' as part of the preparatory training? We are not now able properly to cover the acreage of Latin, Greek, French, history, etc., already assigned. The written translation of the classics, for instance, though confessedly much more exact and, as a training, severe than the oral translation, is far less rapid. If, then, written translation is to supersede, to any considerable extent, oral translation, we cannot cover in the time allotted an equal number of pages of the books which have, somehow, to be gone through. In other words, the exigencies of the college entrance examination are altogether more stringent as respects quantity than quality, and to those exigencies we must adapt ourselves."

This is interesting, as one view of an important subject. The answer is obvious. The scheme suggested by the committee of the Board of Overseers is certainly open to the objection of putting more stress on quality than on quantity. In so far, therefore,

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it would seem that it is in possible conflict with the existing college entrance requirements. The issue, as thus presented, is one which the committee would probably not be disinclined to accept.

The other side of the problem I have referred to as the literary side. Quite a chorus of complaint comes up from the instructors in the preparatory schools in regard to the character of the authors and books prescribed. In making selections, those representing the colleges, it is asserted, seem to have followed the classic analogy. For instance, the orations of Burke and Webster have certainly stood the test of time; but it is questionable whether they are calculated to excite a great degree of literary ardor in the immature mind of to-day. Following the principle of analogy, they seem to have been prescribed as the modern exemplars of the school of Demosthenes and Cicero. Nevertheless, it is argued, there are those, even among the adult, who find the speeches of Burke and the orations of Webster, like those of Demosthenes and Cicero, severe reading, and reading hardly in touch with current modes of thought and expression. After all, must we not in some degree take conditions as we find them? And does not success in teaching, as in other branches of practical life, depend on the correctness with which we see those conditions and conform ourselves thereto?

This important branch of education is now regulated through what is called a "conference" of colleges, looking to uniformity in entrance requirements. The advantage of such a system is open to much question, especially as respects a department in what may be called a formative or plastic stage of development, as English at present unquestionably is. If its end be to bring about a species of combination in restraint of trade among the institutions of advanced education, so that no one of them shall secure more than its share of the business by putting the standard for admission lower than the others, it presents an aspect of the educational problem in no way edifying. It is again a case of quantity as opposed to quality. If, on the other hand, the result of the "conference" is to establish a rigid uniformity of requirement, it may safely be assumed in advance that it will be a uniformity of the pedantic and the commonplace. *Non tali auxilio*—no real advance in the higher education will come in that way. On the contrary, so far as English is concerned, it would seem most desirable that for the present at least, and probably for some time to come, each institution should reserve to itself the utmost possible latitude for experiment; for only through such liberty of individual action, and a free use of it, can success be evolved out of failure.

One letter in particular has reached me the suggestions in which, on both these aspects of the discussion, seem so germane and so well put that I am tempted to ask you to give wider circulation to them. I will merely say that this letter is written by a recent graduate of one of our principal colleges, now engaged in the English instruction at a preparatory school of highest reputation. In close touch with modern methods and thought, the system he describes might most profitably be adopted by other schools of like character.

"I am glad that in your last two reports, and especially in this last, you attack the neglect of teachers of the classics to insist upon English translations. We do emphasize that the English shall be idiomatic and not 'translation English.' To further this, we have required, this year, in the upper form, the (almost) daily written translation of a Latin or Greek sentence, which shall be in good English. At times the English teachers have read and criticised before the class the examinations in translation. It has been effective.

"May I describe, briefly, the composition work of our two upper classes, the fifth and the sixth forms—the former preparing for the elementary English examination, and the latter for English A?

"The fifth form write weekly themes, from two to three pages in length. These themes are marked and criticised in detail, with references to Hill's Rhetoric, parts of which are studied for this purpose. The first ten minutes of each recitation are often given to impromptu theme writing, and five minutes given to the reading of one or more themes. I avoid the extra work you mention on page 413 [of the reports], by marking, during those ten minutes, the themes of the previous recitation. (The size of the class permits this.) They are then returned.

"The work of the sixth form, insomuch as it corresponds to Freshman English, is of broader scope, and leaves less time for composition. The weekly themes now become fortnightly themes; but they are marked, criticised, and rewritten as in the fifth form. Hill's Rhetoric is studied systematically; certain books of required authors are read, etc. An essay of not less than fifteen pages is required from each boy. As in the fifth form—though not so regularly—there are ten-minute themes at recitations.

"This year I instituted daily themes of one page, the subjects preferably from observation or of opinion. It has not resulted 'in the displacement of some other indispensable study.' There has not been a single case of complaint of the extra amount of work involved; but, on the contrary, there is great interest in it. The themes are daily filed in such fashion that every one can read his own and those of others, and profit by the written criticisms. This innovation—now in practice six weeks; long enough thoroughly to test it—I undertook with some hesitation, for from its extra work on the boys' part I expected protests, but have had none. And the extra work on my part I expected would be tedious and irksome, but greatly to the contrary; for, though some themes naturally are stupid, some commonplace, and some interesting, they are in the main entertaining reading—even, at times, instructive. Improvement, better facility in writing, is already noticeable. I am convinced that the practice of daily writing is possible and beneficial, and that it can be made interesting for both teacher and pupils.

"In conclusion, I must commend your remark on the books now required for college examination. It is unpardonable when, from the vast field of good literature, much of which is adapted for this purpose, a list is selected which requires the detailed and analytical study of such books as Burke's speech on Conciliation with America. Nothing, in my opinion—it has almost been within my observation—can tend more to crush in boys the desire for reading which it is the duty of schools to further, or, if such a desire does not exist, effectually to prevent it being sown."

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

BOSTON, November 26, 1897.

IN DEFENCE OF FOOTBALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is to be regretted that you feel it necessary to take the stand you do concerning football. The amelioration and development of the last six years are so patent to the close observer of the sport that criticism which does not record them will no longer be heeded. There has been, unquestionably, a time when the word "brutal" was properly applied to the game, and when it might justly be compared with prize-fighting. In the middle West, at any rate, this time is plainly past. There has been a steady and natural elevation of standards among the general public and among players; honorable sporting ideals now largely prevail, and the time seems not far off when they shall wholly prevail.

Friends and foes of the game alike may as well concede, now as well as later, that football is here to stay. It has ceased to be the peculiar possession of the college and has fairly become the national fall sport. It is not true that football is not a game for boys; if any limitation in that kind be made, it ought to be that it is a sport for boys alone. To boys it gives its maximum benefits in strength, presence of mind, physical courage, self-control, determination, good nature under stress. Among boys well matched in age and strength it is being played all over the country almost without accidents. Among boys especially, football is necessarily without the objectionable features which to-day characterize the college game. The schoolmaster of to-day who values his opportunities for moral training and stimulus has no tool more valuable than the game of football—granting, of course, a proper supervision and control.

Much is made of the danger of accident and of injury, and the dreadful casualties that occasionally occur make this fear appear reasonable. If, however, game after game is played with no injury more serious than a skinned elbow, if hundreds of men and boys play the entire season with no accidents worse than a bloodied nose—and both suppositions stand for verifiable facts—then it must be conceded that the accidents of football are not inherent or necessary, and that the sport really takes a place with yachting, shooting, and bicycling. A fatality or serious accident in any of these sports does not constitute an argument against them, simply because we all know that many persons habitually take part in them without accident; the same statement may be made with equal truth about football.

But those who are interested in this game, not merely on the sporting side—those who, like the present writer, value it for the real and enduring benefits which it brings—might fairly grant a much larger element of risk and yet justify the sport, risk and all. This is not the place, naturally, to enter at length into these arguments. They would, first, be its remarkable educational power in all points of physical prowess and the accompanying mental training; especial stress should be laid on the fact that these are not to be determined in the least by public games, but are found in the regular work and exercise. What I desire to emphasize here is that the training of football will in the long run prevent more accidents than it causes. It is a weak statement of facts to say that half, for example, of the innumerable bicycle accidents would not occur if riders possessed the presence of mind, alertness, and fertility of resource that are to be gained through this game.

At the same time football has its evils; they are not, however, apparent at any game. The immense evil of the sport to-day is the professional aspect which it assumes in the college for two months of every short school year. The crass form of professionalism, buying players and all that, is largely abolished; a more refined and evil form now exists. College authorities, who should strive steadily for a high plane

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of thought and life, and who should never consent to less, now consent to and even favor the expenditure of thousands of dollars annually, the hiring of high-priced professional athletes as coaches, and the absolute devotion of hundreds of men, to the exclusion of all more serious interests.

Sport ceases to be sport when placed upon such a basis, and our colleges shamefully abandon their moral leadership when they countenance it for a day. Among high-minded and serious men sport has a place, but it is subordinated to the real concerns of life; it is a recreation and not a vocation. Life is turned upside down when it is permitted to be the be-all and end-all even for a time. In this evil and all its ramifying consequences lies the present demoralizing influence of football; its victims are the hundreds of young men who degenerate into professional athletes because of superior abilities in the game. Let the college professors who form the committees of control, subscribe to athletic funds, and cheer their teams from the side-lines, use their inalienable leadership to better purposes.

FREDERICK WHITTON.

THE DETROIT SCHOOL FOR BOYS,
December 2, 1897.

[We shall not reargue our contention that a game inviting the rudest physical contact of heavy human masses is, quite apart from slugging and other brutalities, unfit for youth. So far are we, either, from accepting Mr. Whitton's amendment that it is preëminently fit for boys, that we regard the aping of their elders by juvenile football players as one of the serious evils of the game. The scope of this remark might be extended to baseball. The influence of professionalism vulgarizes and corrupts downwards—and the irresistible tendency of all intercollegiate games is towards professionalism. We believe this tendency "has come to stay" much more firmly than any game or form of game. Language, manners, mental preoccupation, perverted in one generation, infallibly reflect their debasement in the succeeding. Who can view without alarm the effect on the young of examples in rowdyism, loafing, and gambling such as attend the present excessive devotion to sports under the best auspices? —ED. NATION.]

MISTRANSLATION CONDONED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the 21st of October last you gave currency to certain damaging statements as to the English translation of Professor Hommel's 'Ancient Hebrew Tradition.'

Fearing, from the interested attack made on the English translation of Maspero's *Mêlées*, that the Higher Critics would use the same methods to discount Professor Hommel's arguments, drawing across the trail the red-herring of a faulty rendering, I had the foresight to send revises of every sheet of the English translation to Professor Hommel, and to take care that the printed volume embodied all his corrections.

The following excerpt from a recent letter of Professor Hommel shows how he regards the charges made by the writer of your article:

"I have been greatly surprised to notice that some English critics of my book (for example, the much-respected Rev. Buchanan Gray, in the September issue of the *Expository Times*) have ascribed certain trivial differences between the English version and the German original to the arbitrary action of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"To this I answer once for all that I read a clear revise of every sheet of the English translation, and that I possess a sufficient knowledge of English—witness my original English 'Assyriological Notes' in the Proceedings of the Society for Biblical Archæology—to warrant me fully in asserting that in no single instance has what I intended to say and to prove in my book failed to find its fitting and intended expression in the English translation.

"As for the trifling discrepancies discovered by my reviewers, they are of such a subordinate character that I consider it quite superfluous to go into them. When, for instance, in the Preface, the words *Aufstellungen der sog. modernen Pentateuchkritik* (assertions of the so-called modern critics of the Pentateuch) were rendered 'cobweb theories of the so-called modern critics,' this slight alteration met with my full approval, since in the text of the book I myself have more than once referred to the theories of Wellhausen in similar drastic terms."

I feel sure that in a spirit of fair play you will give space in your columns to this refutation of the charges made on the 21st ult., presumably by the lady who has on this side of the water been making most reckless assertions on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

EDMUND MCCLURE.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, LONDON, W. C.,
November 22, 1897.

[The serious aspect of the case is that Mr. McClure seems totally unconscious of two things: (1) That honest people generally consider small falsifications as objectionable as great ones, and (2) that no charge of falsification could have been made if the changes had not been surreptitious. If the English preface had stated that certain things had been altered or omitted for the safety of English readers, then, whatever course criticism might have taken, one path would have been closed to it. As to Prof. Hommel's testimony, it is charitable to believe that he read his English revise somewhat superficially. The possibility that his knowledge of English is on a par with the translator's knowledge of German, we are not disposed to consider. Surely, Prof. Hommel does not imagine, *e. g.*, that "I brought myself under the displeasure of Wellhausen" is the English equivalent for "Unter dem Banne Wellhausen's mich befindend"! Whether the "discrepancies" are altogether "trifling" we must leave our readers to judge after a careful perusal of the review which has called out Mr. McClure's letter.

Mr. McClure's allusion to Maspero's 'Struggle of the Nations' we are constrained to regard as unfortunate. Does he suppose us to be unaware that the chairman of the general literature committee of the S. P. C. K. has felt it necessary to issue a card officially disclaiming all responsibility for the translator's changes in that work?—ED. NATION.]

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is always a pleasure to correct, even in matters of minor importance, any one who has pointed out one's own omissions or shortcomings. We beg, therefore, to call your attention to a slight misstatement in your issue of December 2. In the review of Mr. Parkhurst's 'Song-Birds and Water-Fowl,' your zealous reviewer criticises us for leaving Mr. Fuertes's name off the title-page—a very valid point to make, and an accidental omission which we shall have corrected at the earliest possible opportunity. When he goes on to say, however, that this artist is "nowhere mentioned in the book," he deviates in some degree from accuracy, for on the page in front of the frontispiece which contains an advertising notice of this book and its predecessor, the artist's name is inserted as the illustrator.

The matter would be hardly worth writing about except that the tone of the review is rather calculated to leave the impression that we were intentionally doing Mr. Fuertes less than justice.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

NEW YORK, December 4, 1897.

LITERARY ARCHÆOLOGICAL TREASURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As may be known to some of your readers, the latest discovery among the thousands of papyri found by our Egypt Exploration Fund at Behnesa, is a portion of Thucydides of the *first century* A. D. The society is now to publish the more important of these literary and historical treasures. The first volume, a quarto of 300 pages, with facsimile plates, will include:

"A fragment of the second or third century, containing most of the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel; a leaf containing the Acts of St. Paul and Thecla; portions of a Sapphic poem, probably by Sappho; fragments of Sophocles's 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' of Plato's 'Republic,' of Xenophon's 'Hellenica,' of Isocrates and Demosthenes, and of a lost comedy—about fifty lines; a part of an important treatise on metre—perhaps by Aristoxenus, the chief early authority on metre; much of a chronological work, with dates from 356 to 316 B. C.; a lengthy proclamation by Flavianus Titianus, Prefect of Egypt under Hadrian; an interview between the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and a Magistrate of Alexandria; a roll giving a list of the quarters and streets of Oxyrhyncus, and of their guards, in the fourth century A. D. And perhaps the portion of Thucydides, of the first century, just found."

All subscribers or donors of not less than five dollars will receive the volume, the illustrated 'Archæological Report,' and the annual report with subscriptions, etc. We undertake this work in faith, depending absolutely upon our universities, libraries, and an enlightened public to support it. Patrons contribute $25. Circulars and all information can be had from our Secretary, Mrs. Buckman, 59 Temple Street, Boston, or from Rev. W. C. Winslow, at 525 Beacon Street, Boston. Checks are payable to the

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Honorary Treasurer, Francis C. Foster. Prof. Petrie is again our chief explorer.

WILLIAM C. WINSLOW,
Vice-President and Honorary Secretary.

BOSTON, December 1, 1897.

Notes.

A. S. Barnes & Co. announce for the present month 'Interpretations of Life and Religion,' by the Rev. Walton W. Battershall, D.D.; and 'A Christmas Accident, and Other Stories,' by Anne Eliot Trumbull, daughter of the late Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull.

An eclectic 'Book of Verses for Children,' from Shakspere and Coleridge to James Whitcomb Riley, compiled by Edward V. Lucas, will be published by Henry Holt & Co.

Shortly to appear from the press of Doubleday & McClure Co. is 'The Science of Political Economy,' by Henry George, which the author had finished not long before his sudden death.

A. C. Armstrong & Son have nearly ready 'Music for the Soul,' from the writings of the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

The Oxford University Press (New York: Henry Frowde) is about to issue 'The Odes of Keats,' by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Downer, with memoir and illustrations; and the text of the Bacchylides papyrus in facsimile, as well as in ordinary Greek and in uncial type.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish in January 'Gymnastic Stories and Plays for Primary Schools,' by Miss Stoneroad, Director of Physical Training in the public schools of Washington, D. C.

From T. Fisher Unwin, London, will issue 'Australian Democracy,' by Henry de R. Walker; the fifth volume in the "Adventure Series," namely, 'The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,' done into English by Henry Cogan, with an introduction by Arminius Vámbéry; 'Wild Life in Southern Seas,' by Louis Becke; and a new rhymed translation from Catullus, 'The Loves of Lesbia and Catullus,' by Mr. Tremenheere.

The Master and Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, London, have requested their Secretary, Mr. Kent, to write a history of the corporation, which dates its establishment from the early years of the sixteenth century. The destruction of records caused by two fires has played havoc with the documents of the corporation, but there still exist at the Trinity House and elsewhere materials for a solid work; and, in the competent hands of Mr. Kent, a good book will be made. The Trinity House authorities have charge of the light-houses, light-ships, pilots, buoys, and beacons of the United Kingdom. The Master is usually a member of the royal family when one is available. The Duke of York holds the position at the present time, having succeeded the Duke of Edinburgh when the latter relinquished the office on becoming an independent sovereign, as Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The working head of the corporation is the Deputy Master, who is Sir Sydney Webb, a fine old sailor.

The fourth volume, or third supplement, of 'Poole's Index to Periodical Literature' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) almost rivals in bulk the third edition of the original work. It is the first to appear after the death of its founder, whose portrait is fitly here given, together with a brief laudatory sketch of his life by Mr. W. I. Fletcher, editor in chief of the continuation. But happily a nephew of Dr. Poole, Mr. Franklin O. Poole, an assistant in the Boston Athenæum Library, once presided over by W. F. Poole, is now associated on the title-page and in actual collaboration with Mr. Fletcher. Two religious journals, the *Independent* and the *Outlook*, have been indexed for the first time, and the *Book-Buyer*, *Book News*, and *Book Reviews* have been indexed chiefly with references to portraits, accompanied by notices of literary characters. We need say no more of a work whose utility is everywhere known in the studious and learned world. In the five years, 1892-'96, covered by the present volume, three pages are given to India, two and a half to Ireland, three-quarters to Hawaii, one-half to Cuba; one to currency; two to music; one-eighth to Grant, one-quarter to Bismarck and to Darwin; one-half to Napoleon; three-quarters to Tennyson; one page to Browning. Reviews of the principal works of the day are among the valuable references of the Index, together with obituaries of the more elaborate sort, and a thousand miscellaneous topics, political, social, and historical.

Mr. Bernhard Berenson's first book, 'The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance,' having run through three editions in as many years, is now brought out by his publishers, the Putnams, in a large-paper edition, with twenty-four photogravure illustrations from famous pictures of the Venetian school. Some additions to the "Index to Works" have been made, and the text has been relieved of the paragraph numbers and headings; but in the main the book is what it was when we noticed its first appearance, and at present we need dwell only on its handsome appearance and on the well-executed plates. It is noticeable that Paolo Veronese, inadequately treated in the text, is entirely unrepresented in the illustrations. Mr. Berenson considers him hardly a Venetian, but he was one of the greatest of painters, and as he is not likely to be treated of in any other of this series of volumes, it is a pity that something like justice should not be done him here. In general the selection of subjects for illustration leans to the choice of little-known pictures by second-rate men, and while some of them are very lovely and very welcome because not often seen, the total result is a certain lack of proportion. The strangest selection is that of Cima's "Apollo and Marsyas," a childish production which gives no idea of the powers of the author, limited as these were. Neither Bellini nor Titian is shown at his very best, and hardly even Tintoretto. But if it was intended to emphasize the idyllic and Giorgionesque sentiment that runs through so much of Venetian art, the choice of pictures has been admirably made.

The Century Company send us a 'Gallery of One Hundred Portraits' selected from the back numbers of the *Century Magazine*. Some of these are engraved from more or less well-known works of art, and some are from drawings made for the *Century*, but perhaps the larger number are from photographs from life. The persons represented range from Columbus and Washington to the present day, with a large preponderance of the contemporary, and include men and women famous in many lines of activity, nearly half of whom, however, are writers. The portfolio is not for sale at present, except in connection with a subscription to the magazine.

Mr. H. C. Christy's illustrations do not, in our opinion, justify the new edition of 'Hamlet' brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co.; but here is one more copy of the play in fair type and resplendent binding.

Very pretty book-making is 'The Lovers' Shakspere,' compiled by Chloe Blakeman Jones and published in Chicago by A. C. McClurg & Co.; but its scope is not as narrow as its title. This, perhaps, was meant to be intimated by the epigraph from "As You Like It," "Lovers are given to poetry"—which need not be amorous verse. Hence scores of quotations as uninflammable as "The first bringer of unwelcome news Hath but a losing office."

'The Comedies of Oliver Goldsmith,' illustrated by Chris. Hammond (London: George Allen; New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.), bears comparison with similar treatment of the same works by Railton and Thomson. The full-page pen-drawings are clever and unaffected, and set off the excellent letterpress to advantage.

It is well to have such a "composite photograph" of Wordsworth as we get from the selections of several editors. Certain pieces none can possibly omit, and these furnish the type of the poet, while the individual preference among the less esteemed or less familiar verse lends the adumbrations to the defined physiognomy. Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Wordsworth' (Longmans) is accordingly welcome. It does not gain very much from Mr. Alfred Parsons's initial letters and headpieces; not more from Mr. Lang's introduction, which could have little new to say concerning Wordsworth's theory of poetry and the cause of his woful inequality. The arrangement is to be praised, having a certain chronological purpose and consistency. The binding is ornamental and in good taste.

Another selection, 'Poems by William Wordsworth,' is authored by Prof. Edward Dowden, and forms part of the Athenæum Press Series (Ginn & Co.); plainly made books for working students, and without pictures or ornament of any kind save good typography. The introduction here far outweighs Mr. Lang's; the selection is much more copious, especially of the sonnets; and there are plentiful notes.

The beautiful low-priced Centenary Edition of Carlyle's works issued in this country by the Scribners is continued with the Life of Frederick the Great, the first two of eight volumes. Each contains two portraits, and nothing is lacking to make this form of the great biography attractive in the extreme. More quaint, but, to our mind, less legible are the first two volumes of the *Spectator*, which come to us through the same firm; in form, handy enough, certainly, but with old-style type somewhat too much condensed, and the narrow margins appropriate to the antiquated scheme. The more open lines of Mr. Austin Dobson's preface, in the same type, are both more easy to read and (we believe) to remember. A pallid contrast is exhibited by the modern font employed in Mr. G. Gregory Smith's useful notes. Still, this is a painstaking and in a certain sense a comely edition, very tastefully bound. Dainty, again, is the Temple Edition of Scott published by Messrs. Scribner in connection with J. M.

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Dent & Co., London. Here we have 'Waverley' in two pocket volumes delightfully bound in a soft, nearly flexible leather, bearing the stamp of the Scott monument in Edinburgh. The frontispieces are of Scott and of Melrose Abbey. Finally, a wholly domestic "Homestead Edition" of James Whitcomb Riley's 'Poems and Prose Sketches' is begun by this house with 'Neighborly Poems and Dialect Sketches.' There are nine more to come. No one will grudge the genial author whose humorous face serves as frontispiece such an array of fine linen and handsome print. But it is a subscription work, and, like Wordsworth's cloud, must move the purchaser altogether if it move at all.

The current number of the *Portfolio* (Macmillan) is a monograph on "The Earlier Work of Titian," by Claude Phillips, competently written and well illustrated, as is usual with this valuable publication. What will be likely to surprise the lover of Titian is the number of that artist's best loved pictures that are included in his "earlier works," so that one wonders what will be left of equal charm and interest to illustrate the study of his "later work," which we are promised. The surprise is lessened, however, when we reflect that Titian lived nearly a century and painted to the end, and that his "earlier work" therefore includes everything he did up to the time he was fifty. Probably few artists have produced their best work after that age. The last work mentioned here is the "Peter Martyr," and Titian was about fifty-one when it was painted.

Franz Hanfstaengl has begun the publication of a series of "Pictures in the National Gallery, London," which is to appear in ten or twelve parts (the statements in the Prospectus and in Part I. are at variance as to the number); each part to contain about ten full-page and five smaller photogravure plates, and to be accompanied by a descriptive text "written (unofficially) by Charles L. Eastlake, Keeper and Secretary N. G." The classified order of the pictures themselves on the walls of the gallery will be maintained in the publication, and Part I. deals with the early work of the Florentine School. Doubtless later parts, which will deal with the more developed works of the great epoch, will prove more interesting to the general public; but the present instalment will be welcome to students. The reproductions are good upon the whole, though somewhat disappointingly black, and misleadingly so to persons not acquainted with early Florentine art. The National Gallery is so rich that the whole work should be one of great value. It may be well to note that a good catalogue of the gallery exists in Cook's Handbook, published by Macmillan.

A holiday book which the children will like, even if artists do not, is 'Little Grown-Ups,' by Maud Humphrey and Elizabeth Tucker (Frederick A. Stokes Company). Miss Humphrey's water-colors show decided cleverness in many ways, but her children are too like dolls, and she seems to have little or no decorative sense. The result is a bright-colored, bonbon-box prettiness which is hardly artistic, though we have no doubt it will prove popular.

It is to be regretted that more judgment was not exercised before the publication of De Knight's 'History of the Currency of the Country and of the Loans of the United States.' Its issue as a Treasury document will give it the stamp of authority, but the contents deserve no such endorsement. A few books have been consulted by the writer, and Bayley's compilation of 1880 is heavily drawn upon for what relates to the loans; but the result is in no sense a history—it is not even a good account of the mechanism of currency circulation or national borrowings. To find such writers as Sumner and Berkey joined as of equal authority is as comical as is the dependence placed on David Jayne Hill, LL.B. There is no attempt at original research, or even at consulting the usual and accessible authorities, such as Bancroft. Mr. De Knight must have scampered through Sumner and, perhaps, Gouge, though the poverty of matter shows only too clearly that he did not appreciate the possibilities of the question, and has not in consequence been able to realize them. Some of the tables are good, but they may be found in the Register's report each year, and did not require a new setting. When the energy of Government finds expression and measure in the crudest compilations, such as this work, it is only right to call attention to misspent time and money. A mere glance at Bullock's reprint of Douglass's 'Discourse on the Colonial Currencies' shows how far De Knight has fallen short of doing what the opportunity called for, and what could have been well done in the Register's office, where the material undoubtedly exists.

A valuable contribution to physical chemistry is offered by Dr. Wilder D. Bancroft in his brochure of 250 pages on 'The Phase Rule' (*Journal of Physical Chemistry*, Ithaca, N. Y.). The work is a non-mathematical exposition of the phenomena of qualitative equilibrium from the standpoint of the phase rule of Gibbs and the theorem of Le Chatelier. Starting with the definition that a "phase" is a mass chemically and physically homogeneous, or of uniform concentration, the number of phases in a system being the number of such masses, the author proceeds to the discussion of systems of one, two, three, and four components with a clearness and thoroughness on the whole very satisfactory. The entire omission of mathematical treatment will be a disappointment to many readers, though it may perhaps commend the book to a few. Aside from this, Dr. Bancroft's work is a complete and admirable presentation of the subject which will be welcome by all students.

The principal article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten, is an ethnological study of the West African races, by L. Frobenius. It is illustrated by a series of ten charts showing the distribution through the whole continent of the different kinds of shields used by the natives (as those of skin, leather, and wood), the bows, dress, houses, and masks, to indicate especially the extent of the Malay-Nigritian culture. A supplemental number contains a description of the physical features and the geology of northern and central Persia, by A. F. Stahl. The accompanying maps, which are of unusual excellence, not only show the geologic formation and the relative heights of the country, but also the principal roads, telegraph lines and stations, post-houses, inns, wells, and the places where useful minerals have been found.

Hatcher's explorations in Patagonia are highly creditable to Princeton University, whence the funds for his voyage were chiefly provided, and to the Bureau of Ethnology, which furthered his ends in various ways. He went out first in January, 1896, and returned in July, 1897. He has now set forth on a second expedition, after having left two reports on his observations—one of a more technical nature, on the geology of the region, published in the *American Journal of Science* for November; the other, more popular and descriptive, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for the same month. The deposit that yielded the largest return in fossils is the Santa Cruz formation, a great series of horizontal strata of fresh-water or continental origin. It stretches eastward from the base of the mountains to the sea, and is deeply transsected by valleys. After these valleys had been carved, the region was depressed, and during subsequent elevation heavy morainic deposits were strewn forward from the mountains, and a stony overwash was spread over the plains, while at various levels the sea cut strong shore benches, now seen in the conspicuous terraces by which the plains descend to the Atlantic. The account of the Canoe Indians living on the fiords of the western coast, and of the Tehuelche Indians of the plains, is graphic and instructive. Altogether, the two reports are most interesting.

Dr. Karl Federn is the latest German apostle of Walt Whitman. In the Vienna *Zeit* of October 16 and 23 he sets forth his reasons for imposing Whitman on American opinion as the greatest poet this country has ever produced. More than that, Whitman was "the soundest personality, most abounding in strength and love, most rejoicing in life, since Wolfgang Goethe walked the earth." This is a good instance of the growth of the legend. Five minutes' conversation with Whitman would have made it impossible to mention two such intellects in the same breath. To pass from the reading of Whitman's chummy letters in Donaldson's recent book on 'Walt Whitman the Man' to Federn's "He knew how to make his own the best of the Art and Science of our time," is to experience an acute sense of the ridiculous. Dr. Federn offers incidental translations of Whitman's rhythms, but condemns those which have heretofore appeared in German.

Among the lectures to be given at the Imperial Institute, London, during the current season are the following: "Electric Balloon Signalling Applied to Scientific Exploration in Arctic and Antarctic Expeditions," by E. S. Bruce; "The Mineral Resources of British Columbia and the Yukon," by A. J. MacMillan of Rossland, B. C.; "Canada's Metals," by Professor W. C. Roberts-Austen, F.R.S., and "The Petroleum Sources of the British Empire." At the opening meeting on the 19th of November, a paper was to have been read by Mr. F. G. Jackson of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition, upon the subject of "Three Years in the Arctic."

The Elizabethan Literary Society opened its fourteenth session in London on the 10th of November with a paper upon "The Shaksperian Drama Abroad." The lecturer was Mr. Sidney Lee, editor of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' whose monograph upon Shakspere in the Dictionary has met with such favor that a demand has been made for its separate publication. During the session two dramatic recitals will be given: "Hamlet," by Mr. Henry Herbert, and "Romeo

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and Juliet," by Mr. Stanley Philp. But this is not all. Living up to their motto, "Societie is the happinesse of life," ("Love's Labour Lost," act iv., scene 2), the enthusiastic members will also meet at eight o'clock on Friday evenings, to read the plays of Dekker and Lyly. The meetings are held at Toynbee Hall. Any Americans who may wish to join the society can communicate with the Honorary Secretary, Mr. James Ernest Baker, 22 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, London.

The Royal Geographical Society proposes to have a special meeting in London during its present session, in connection with the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Cape Route to India by Vasco da Gama in 1497.

The London *Daily Mail* continues to be a most successful venture in half-penny journalism. Its circulation has recently advanced by 50,000 a day, and now reaches 375,000. It is a bright little paper, and has made its way not only among humble folk, but among the well-to-do classes likewise.

Henceforth all women who wish to pursue their studies in the University of Göttingen must either show by satisfactory testimonials, or prove by an informal examination (a so-called *colloquium*), that they have the necessary preparation. The professors then make a report to the pro-rector, who gives his decision. Other German universities are adopting similar regulations, the object of which is to exclude those who are not fitted to enter with profit to themselves or with honor to the institution. These more rigid rules are a sign of progress, since they indicate a tendency to place women on the same footing as men in their relations to the university.

—We have often spoken of the usefulness of the fiction catalogues issued by the Boston Public Library, and their value is so widely recognized that it is perhaps unnecessary to comment on the announcement that a list of the novels added since 1893 (including many old books) has been published. There are, however, changes of taste in selection to be noted, as well as in methods of cataloguing and printing. As regards the last, we observe a serious deterioration in that, contrary to the almost universal practice, titles, authors, and explanatory words are all printed in the same type. Moreover, we find the cumbrous octavo page retained, though the Brookline experiment has proved the great superiority of the smaller form. Among the blunders which have caught our eye is entry of two books ascribed in the last edition to A. S. Hardy, under Shepherd, S.W. They were written by Mrs. Weitzel, the wife of the late assistant pastor of Plymouth Church. A similar error is putting the books of "Christian Reid" under Fisher instead of Tiernan. Marie Corelli is given the name of "Minnie Mackay," though she protested against being so honored in a letter to the press published in January, 1892. On the other hand, "Leslie Keith" (Miss Johnston) is accepted as a real name, while the two ladies who write as "E. D. Gerard" are entered under Gerard and an incorrect spelling of the name of one of them. Alexandre Dumas the elder and Alexandre Davy Dumas are given as distinct persons. But the oddest statement, considering the criticism which the location implies, is the classification of Gilmore's 'Advance Guard of Western Civilization' as a novel. We notice, also, that many well-known works, though on the shelves, are inaccessible through the title-list. Among these are 'Gil Blas,' 'Verdant Green,' 'Joseph Andrews,' and 'David Grieve.'

—In noticing the successive volumes of the 'Jesuit Relations' (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) we have so far neglected to comment upon the excellence of Mr. Thwaites's prefaces. It would be absurd to expect an index with each instalment; and until a general table of names and matters is furnished at the end of the work, this brief epitome of the narrative answers perfectly well. Volume ix. brings down Le Jeune's Relation of 1636 to the end of its first part, and covers the closing months of Champlain's life. We look to these letters for something more than a record of missionary progress; we look to them also for a description of the Indians, for notes of natural history, and for tidings of colonial growth. Heretofore we have confined attention pretty closely to what the Jesuits say of the natives and their conversion. The subject-matter of the present volume encourages us to turn towards those social aspects of Canadian life which are illustrated by the Relations. Le Jeune cannot be accused of concealing the real difficulties of the undertaking from his superior at home. He has already in the most graphic manner described the perversity of the savages and the extent of the language difficulty. But at heart he is hopeful, and when anything fortunate happens he makes the most of it. In this case his eighth chapter deals with "The Present State of New France on the Great River St. Lawrence." His first sentence is a Te Deum: "Il me semble qu'en contẽplant le progrez des affaires de la Nouvelle Frãce, ie voy sortir une Aurore des profondes tenebres de la nuict, laquelle embellisãt de ses rayons dorez la surface de la terre, se change à la parfin en ce grand Ocean de lumiere que le Solcil apporte." At first the country was a mere storehouse for the skins of dead animals. The subject of private title was unsettled in France; famine and the English equally molested the few colonists; in a word, "les Lys y mouroient en leur naissance." Now, however, the calamities of that time are forgotten in the midst of a mild and peaceful prosperity. Many settlers have come in, the soil along the river is fertile, and in most respects the conditions of life are easier about Quebec than in France. A few libertine spirits have made their appearance, but apparently none so drunken or blasphemous that a short time spent on the *chevalet* proved a futile corrective. Le Jeune is always enthusiastic over the St. Lawrence. One panegyric of Champlain and another of the beaver are among the striking passages of his report for this year.

—There has been much dispute about the authorship of the curious little Latin treatise called 'A Question of the Water and of the Land,' generally attributed to Dante. It upholds, with thoroughly mediæval arguments, the proposition that the earth is everywhere higher than the surface of the sea. It came to light only in 1508, when it was published in Venice, under Dante's name, by Moncetti, an Augustinian monk with some pretensions as a mathematician and astronomer. No manuscript of it is known to exist, and Moncetti, who took the liberty of correcting Dante's handiwork *diligenter et accurate*, was a tricky flatterer, whose word has no value whatever. That the treatise was really written by Dante, however, is the ground taken by Charles Hamilton Bromby, who is the first to translate it into English (London: David Nutt); and his view is in accord with the trend of the latest opinion among scholars. Gaspary, in his 'Italian Literature' (i., p. 522), says that "a forger of the sixteenth century who could so write in Dante's manner and with Dante's words," seems to him a great wonder. Still more recently Dr. Edward Moore, whose opinion in these matters has always great weight, has indicated, in his 'Studies in Dante,' a feeling that the manner of using Aristotle and other authorities in this little treatise is so similar to what we know to have been Dante's, as to raise a strong presumption in its favor. The work has therefore now more interest for Dante students than it had a generation ago, and it is a favorable time for a translation of it to appear. We cannot say that we think Mr. Bromby has made the most of his opportunity. To be really valuable, such a translation should have been accompanied by an abundant apparatus, at once expository, historical, and scientific. Mr. Bromby's attempts in these directions can hardly be called serious. The translation appears to be generally accurate enough, though it is in places intelligible only after references to the original (but this is a fault of how many translations!). All Dante's works, great and small, have now been printed in English versions, and we hope some publisher of a good translation of the 'Divine Comedy' will undertake to collect them, and issue them in an edition uniform with that of the great poem.

—A work that for nearly a thousand years —say from A. D. 850 to 1750—enjoyed a popularity almost unparalleled, appears (who knows but for the last time?) in an English dress. It is 'The Consolation of Philosophy of Boëthius,' translated into English prose and verse by H. R. James (London: Elliot Stock). It is on the whole a satisfactory piece of work, though the versification is hardly easy; and makes a pretty book, which anybody will like to put on his shelves. Mr. James mentions that before his there have been "nearly a dozen" English and Anglo-Saxon versions. This statement is probably based on an inspection of Watts and Lowndes, but we can enumerate more: First, King Alfred's; second, Chaucer's; third, that of John Walton, or Walton, 1525; fourth, Lydgate's, 1554; fifth, that of "George Colvile, alias Coldewel," 1556; sixth, that of I. T., 1609; seventh, that of S. E. M., 1654; eighth, that of H. Coningsby, 1664; ninth, that of "A Lover of Truth and Virtue," 1674; tenth, Lord Preston's, 1695 (revised 1712); eleventh, Warburton's partial translation; twelfth, W. Causton's, 1730 (improved by Bellamy, 1768); thirteenth, that of the Rev. Philip Ridpath, 1785; fourteenth, R. Duncan's, 1789; fifteenth, that of J. S. Cardale, 1829 (from Alfred's paraphrase). In English no one version has gone through many editions. In French, that of Père René de Ceriziers, published in 1636, appeared in its twelfth edition in 1647, and was the leading one for very many years after that. The translation of Léon Colesse was also often reprinted. That of the dramatist Judicis de Mirandol received a prize from the Academy in 1861. In Italy the translation of the poet Varchi was printed every few years

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from 1551 to 1798. In Spain that of Villegas, 1665, is highly extolled. Of versions earlier than Chaucer's, two, into High German and French, are of great linguistic importance. There was one into Hebrew, and a second into French by the author of the 'Roman de la Rose.' Leibniz abridged the work for his private edification. But even Leibniz evidently found the first two of the five books the best, the later ones being too much occupied with metaphysico-logical subtleties. By a noticeable coincidence, along with Mr. James's edition we receive from David Nutt, London, a sumptuous yet modestly tasteful reprint of our No. 5 above, viz., Colvile's 'The Boke of Boecius, called the Comforte of Philosophye, or Wysdome,' but without "the Latin added to the mergentis." The style is simpler than most of the Elizabethan of a generation later, and is pleasing. The metres are in prose; but the translator's marginal glosses afford some compensation. This elegant volume is the fifth of the "Tudor Library," and is edited by Ernest Belfort Bax. Two hundred and fifty copies of it have been printed at the Chiswick Press. Mr. Bax, in an introduction, seems to think that the Christian books attributed to Boëthius may have been written by his son. They are, however, almost unquestionably earlier than the celebrated Boëthius, and are probably by that Boëthius whose wife was Elpis.

—Carlo Tivaroni has completed his critical history of the Italian Risorgimento by the publication of the second and third volumes of his 'L'Italia degli Italiani' (Turin: Roux, Frassati & Co.). We noticed the leading characteristics of this work on the appearance of the first volume, and need only repeat here that it is indispensable for any one who wishes to have the latest material concerning the history of Italy's struggle for independence. Tivaroni preserves throughout a critical and sober spirit, and is able to deal with Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi without the prepossession which usually converts Italian writers into blind partisans of one of them and equally blind enemies of the others. Likewise, he has not allowed the epic qualities of that romantic struggle to divert his attention from its practical and often unideal details. He brings his story down to the entrance of the Italians into Rome in 1870, and then devotes 400 pages of his last volume to a series of monographs on the men of the Risorgimento, including some thirty of the leaders of second rank, besides Victor Emanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. We must again express regret that the usefulness of so valuable a work must be greatly restricted owing to its lack of proper indices, headlines, divisions into chapters, and other appurtenances of intelligent publications. Tivaroni belongs to the school of historians who affect to disdain putting their material in artistic form, and who abhor the quality of readableness, as men of science abhor being "popular." It is indeed strange that conscience, which impels such men to spare no time or fatigue in collecting their material, deserts them when they come to present it. They forget that the moment they sit down to write, they place themselves within the sphere of literary laws which will not budge for all their claim of being impartial and scientific. Sig. Tivaroni carries his method out to the smallest details. Ignoring footnotes, he wedges into his text the titles of the books he refers to, but usually fails to give the necessary volume and page. We have come upon one sentence thirty-three lines long (about 350 words), punctuated only by commas, and consisting of original and quoted descriptions of Cavour's personal appearance (iii., 413-14). For a writer to be content with so primitive and awkward a style is to throw away all the helps to perspicacity which the art of writing has invented. We fear, therefore, that, although Sig. Tivaroni's history is a real storehouse of information, it cannot be easily consulted, and will never be widely read; but students must perforce labor through it. It should be added that his 'L'Italia degli Italiani,' embracing the years 1849-70, completes his still more extended history, which goes back to the middle of the eighteenth century. The whole is the most important monument of historical erudition produced in Italy in our time.

RECENT BRITISH POETRY.

It is interesting to find Mrs. Browning, in her lately published letters (under date of October 1, 1844), defending the American poets from the charge of effeminacy, and pointing proudly in their vindication to the now forgotten Cornelius Mathews and his 'Poems on Man.' Even at that day, it seems, there was a demand for something "virile" and "masculine"; and the poets of fifty years ago, who created American literature and who knocked down slavery, were not considered to meet this demand. "Emerson," says Mr. J. J. Chapman, "undoubtedly sent ten thousand sons to the Civil War," and it would be difficult to tell how many more were sent by Whittier and Lowell, while a single such poem as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" educated a generation in courage; but it is not apparent that the poetry of the whole race of "masculine" poets, from Mathews to Whitman, ever furnished a recruit. Every real art-critic from Joubert to Ruskin has pointed out that the test of great works must be in combining delicacy with power: *Où il n'y a point de délicatesse, il n'y a point de littérature.* Those who fail to see this are like those foreigners who pass by the masterpieces of the world as brought together in the Salon Carré at the Louvre, and go into ecstasies over the row of bulky and florid Rubenses in the gallery just outside.

Mr. George Meredith is one of the poets habitually approved for the "masculine" quality. It is to his credit that he has banished from his 'Selected Poems' (Scribners) the most exaggerated and fantastic. To get rid of large words and involutions is beyond him, but these are at least minimized, and the work stands at its best. His exquisite observation of nature is here, and his yearning after a high philosophy of life; yet the result is not adequate, for he has neither the joy of the pietist nor the placidity of the philosopher. Browning and Tennyson, each in his way, scored a triumph and attained to peace. Mr. Meredith does not attain it, but he at least points out the way towards it. We must accept science, must look facts in the face, must tolerate no lies; and this is as far as we can go; we must accept things as they are and talk no nonsense. If this seems insufficient in an age which has produced Emerson's "The Problem" and Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra," that is not Mr. Meredith's fault; he does what he can. In one thing only he has equalled or even surpassed Browning, the continuous and absorbing movement of a narrative, and this in only one poem, doubtless his masterpiece, "The Nuptials of Attila." That this takes its movement and even its form out of Hodgkin's rhymed version of the Latin prose of Jornandez, is perhaps no more of a reproach than for Shakspere to borrow the theme of "Hamlet" or Goethe the tradition of Faust; although it doubtless brought some shock to those who for the first time came upon the original. We have long since paid tribute to this fine poem, with the bold sweep of its opening—

> "Flat as to the eagle's eye
> Earth hung under Attila."

As if to show that the strong can give forth sweetness, the author himself selects also the following example of the domestic muse (p. 61):

MARIAN.

I.

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

II.

Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie.
Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

III.

Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden:
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

'Poems by the late John Lucas Tupper, selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti' (Longmans), form the memorial of a young poet and artist who was a member of the once-famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. His poems, such as they are, do not now carry the weight which they perhaps bore to the readers of the *Germ*, but the following wild, imaginative picture (p. 15) is worth giving, as having been extremely admired by Dante Rossetti, who declared that if Poe had written the poem it would have enjoyed world-wide celebrity. It seems curious, however, that Rossetti did not miss Poe's music:

EDEN AFTER SIXTY CENTURIES.

There are rows of poplars
Down the garden walks;
There are cedars standing
On the dewy lawns;
They have waited many
Mornings of the Spring;
Many swallows fly there,
Many birds sing;
And now is Summer.

Here be great white lilies
Leaning down their stalks.
The roses, like lamps,
Standing on their stems,
Burning out their spirit
From morning unto even,
Are dying and born,
And all the perfume given
Is given to waste.

The flowers upon the trees
Are mixed with withered flowers,
And black shrivelled seeds
Of last year's growing.
There is no knowing
How long time ago—
If there were hours
And flowers did grow—
A hand took the flowers.

. . . . . .

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The palm tree is weeping,
The gums ever dropping,
The long lawns sleeping,
Nothing is dying,
Growth is not stopping,
Cumbered with nothing,
The low lawns are lying
In their green clothing.

He must be coming.
These must be waiting.
Are the bees not humming?
Are they not translating
The golden pollen
From flower to flower?
Are they not debating
In converse sullen
About the hour?

We owe also to the editorship of Mr. William Rossetti a volume by his sister Christina entitled 'Maude: Prose and Verse; 1850' (Chicago: Stone). It is a tale for girls, interspersed with poems, most of which have been previously published, though the story itself was never before printed; and it was written in the author's nineteenth year. Maude is a young girl represented as foolish, vain, and sinful, and she dies penitent in the last chapter. Most readers will probably concur with the editor when he says (p. 5): "If some readers opine that all this shows Christina Rossetti's mind to have been at that date overburdened with conscientious scruples of an extreme and even of a wire-drawn kind, I share in their opinion. . . . So far as my own views of right and wrong go, I cannot see that the much reprehended Maude commits a single serious fault from title-page to finis."

If any one wishes to see a real reproduction of Poe, he will find it less easily in Tupper than in Francis Thompson's 'New Poems' (Boston: Copeland & Day), in such a poem as the "Mistress of Vision" (p. 8):

Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore?
I do faint therefor.
"When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star;
When thy song is shield and mirror
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,
Where thou dar'st affront her terror
That on her thou may'st attain
Persèan conquest; seek no more,
O seek no more!
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region of Elenore!"

But those who founded high hopes on Mr. Thompson's earlier poems, and thought that under improved conditions his really fine mind would clarify itself and yield sweeter and more pellucid waters, must be still left in uncertainty. The habit of the weird, the involved, the distorted, has gone too far, and, in this volume as in the other, the traits of sweetness and simplicity are quite exceptional. What can be said of an author who, even now, fills his pages with lines so needlessly and defiantly repulsive as these, under the name of "An Anthem of Earth" (p. 89)?

The incredible, with bloody clutch and feet
Clinging the painful juts of jagged faith.
Science, old noser in its prideful straw,
That with anatomising scalpel tents
Its three-inch of thy skin, and brags—"All's bare,"
The eyeless worm, that boring works the soil,
Making it capable for the crops of God;
Against its own dull will
Ministers popples to our troublous thought,
A Balaam come to prophecy—parables,
Nor of its parable itself is ware,
Grossly unwotting; all things has expounded
Reflux and influx, counts the sepulchre
The seminary of being, and extinction
The Ceres of existence: it discovers
Life in putridity, vigour in decay;
Dissolution even, and **disintegration.**

Here the controlling thought, when we come to it, is good, but how altogether unpleasing the process! Yet who would believe that the same pen could write these sweet and gracious lines—the prayer of a little child (p. 97)?

EX ORE INFANTIUM.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play Can you see me? through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!
Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayers seem very long?
. . . . . .
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small,
And Thou knowest I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?

The Queen's Jubilee in London, which undoubtedly kept the poets and philosophers in the background, brought forth only one strain of vigorous verse during its passing; this being the poem of a man too thoughtful and too accomplished, we regret to say, to be widely known beyond his immediate circle. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton (formerly Watts) is indeed known to some Americans as the former literary critic of the *Athenæum*, or as the writer of the fine essay on Poetry in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' or as the author of some of the finest sonnets in the English language, or, finally, as the friend and house-mate of Mr. Swinburne; but he offers one of the repeated illustrations of the truth that some of the rarest qualities, whether of wits or wines, are not readily transportable across the ocean. His first published book, indeed, is his 'Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain' (London: Bodley Head), in which there is as racy a flavor of salt air as in anything of Kipling's, with a far finer touch. But we turn by preference for quotation to these two noble closing sonnets, addressed not to children of the Empire alone, but to a wider public (p. 30):

THE BREATH OF AVON.

(To English-speaking Pilgrims on Shakspere's Birthday.)

I.

Whate'er of woe the Dark may hide in womb
For England, mother of kings of battle and song—
Rapine, or racial hate's mysterious wrong,
Blizzard of Chance, or fiery dart of Doom—
Let breath of Avon, rich of meadow-bloom,
Bind her to that great daughter sever'd long—
To near and far-off children young and strong—
With fetters woven of Avon's flower perfume.
Welcome, ye English-speaking pilgrims, ye
Whose hands around the world are joined by him,
Who make his speech the language of the sea,
Till winds of Ocean waft from rim to rim
The Breath of Avon: let this great day be
A Feast of Race no power shall ever dim.

II.

From where the steeds of Earth's twin oceans toss
Their manes along Columbia's chariot-way;
From where Australia's long blue billows play;
From where the morn, quenching the Southern Cross,
Startling the frigate-bird and albatross
Asleep in air, breaks over Table Bay—
Come hither, pilgrims, where these rushes sway
'Tween grassy banks of Avon soft as moss!
For, if ye found the breath of Ocean sweet,
Sweeter is Avon's earthy, flowery smell,
Distill'd from roots that feel the coming spell
Of May, who bids all flowers that lov'd him meet
In meadows that, remembering Shakspere's feet,
Hold still a dream of music where they fell.

'Opals,' by Olive Constance (Bodley Head), has a striking poem on the music of Dvorák (p. 73); and Dollie Radford, in her 'A Light Load' (Mathews), has her usual clear, sweet touch. Mrs. Radford represents, with her husband, that rare combination to which the Browning letters are just now directing attention—the marriage of two poets—and with such results as this (p. 46):

HEART AND HOME.

Oh, what know they of harbors
Who toss not on the Sea!
They tell of fairer havens,
But none so fair there be.

As Plymouth town outstretching
Her quiet arms to me—
Her breast's broad welcome spreading
From Mewstone to Penlee.

And with this home-thought, darling,
Come crowding thoughts of thee—
Oh, what know they of harbors
Who toss not on the Sea?

Among all the countless books of English poetry there is but one which gives to the American a single vivid glimpse of the average rural Englishman of the lower class; slow of comprehension, slow either to begin *fighting or to leave off, yet able to die* unflinchingly for friend or for country, by land or sea. That book is "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman (Bodley Head), a work which strikes one at first as being limited in compass and perhaps a bit commonplace, but proves itself at last to have just the commonplaceness of the primitive human heart. In a series of simple lays, the longest but a page or two, and the gayest tinged with sadness, it gives a continuous kinetoscopic view of the one man, the Shropshire Lad. In the vigorous verses we quote he is on his way to London (p. 53):

As through the wild green hills of Wyre
The train ran, chasing sky and shire,
And far behind, a fading crest,
Low in the forsaken West
Sank the high reared head of Clee,
My hand lay empty on my knee.
Aching on my knee it lay:
That morning half a shire away,
So many an honest fellow's fist
Had well nigh wrung it from the wrist.
Hand, said I, since now we part
From fields and men we know by heart,
For strangers' faces, strangers' lands—
Hand, you have held true fellows' hands.
Be clean then; rot before you do
A thing they'd not believe of you.
You and I must keep from shame
In London streets the Shropshire name:
On banks of Thames they must not say
Severn breeds worse men than they.

American scholarship may take some satisfaction in the editing, by Dr. F. I. Carpenter of the University of Chicago, of the volume, 'English Lyric Poetry,' in the Warwick Library (London: Blackie). His preliminary essay is not merely studious and thoughtful—not merely full of good phrases, as when he characterizes the Elizabethan lyric as "a holiday lyric," or speaks of the "self-conscious artlessness" of Herrick—but it has method, solidity, and clearness, and is withal wholly readable. How far Dr. Carpenter is responsible for the text and the proof-reading is not made clear; there are, however, defects in both. In Peele's fine poem "The Man at Arms," instead of "age his arms," we should read "old age his arms" (p. 58); in Vaughan's beautiful

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"They are all gone into a world of light," the flown bird does not sing in a "fair well," but in a "fair dell" (p. 25); and the famous song "O waly, waly," should not close with Allingham's version, "And the green grass growing over me," but with the far more impressive line accepted by Professor Child, "For a maid again I'll never be."

'Poems by A. and L. [Arabella and Louisa Shore]' (Richards) is mainly a reprint of some that were previously published under the same initials, one or both of their authors being now dead. They consist in part of dramas which show undoubted strength, although far less than is to be seen in those of the other two gifted English women who masque under the united name of Michael Field; and in part of war lyrics called forth by the Crimean war. It is a curious commentary on contemporary feeling that the war which these poets described, forty years ago, as (p. 341)

"No more the passionate triumph of an hour,
But the grave victory of world-redeeming power,"

should be thus characterized in a note by the present editors: "We are less inclined to dwell on them [the war lyrics] because we have learned to regard the Crimean war, in spite of the triumph of our soldiers, not as a just cause and a glorious achievement so much as a deplorable blunder" (p. 335). But that one or the other of these two sisters had also a very light touch, is seen in this graceful translation from Coppée (p. 356):

MORCEAU À QUATRE MAINS.

The windows open on the park
Where the tall trees, from glade to glade,
With arching foliage greenly dark,
Bathe all the summer lawns in shade.

I turn about to rest anew
My head in yonder easy chair,
When, lo! the landscape still I view,
Reflected in the mirror there.

Idly I smile, as o'er and o'er
Two parks to right and left of me,
Now through the glass, now thro' the door,
Repeat each other, tree for tree;

And, by a pretty sort of chance,
The two young sisters sit apart,
Complete in dainty elegance,
To play the music of Mozart.

Just as the landscape double seems,
The other's copy each appears,
And the same golden jewel gleams
Repeated in the four small ears.

Their eyes upon the keys are bent,
So I may scan, as I repose,
The same rose in their tresses blent,
And on each mouth too the same rose.

And, sometimes, rising from my place,
I steal to the piano near,
And lean upon the ebon case
To see them rather than to hear.

Mr. Alfred Ainger, in editing a definitive edition of the 'Poems of Thomas Hood' (Macmillan), has perhaps conferred a doubtful service on the fame of that most interesting man. Most of the poems collected, especially of the more humorous order, can excite but a feeble interest in the modern reader; and a single thin volume would readily contain all those on which Hood's permanent reputation will rest. Such a volume would coincide practically with that published by Longman in 1827—Hood's first and last volume of serious verse, 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, and Other Poems.' Mr. Ainger tells us in his preliminary memoir that this book fell all but dead from the press, and that the author bought up as many of the "remainder" copies as he was able, to save them from the butter shops. The fate of Thoreau's 'Week' was scarcely more pathetic. It seems almost incredible that the exquisite minor poems contained in this volume—as "Fair Ines," the "Ode to Autumn," and that remarkable sonnet on "Silence," so often attributed to Poe—should have so thoroughly escaped notice. The neglect was largely due, perhaps, to Hood's acquired reputation as a joker, an impression so controlling that people actually distrusted his more serious words, and Mr. Ainger tells us in his memoir (p. lxxvii) that Palgrave, in the first edition of his 'Golden Treasury,' actually omitted from the tender poem, "The Death-Bed," the touching stanza—

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied.
We thought her dying when she slept
And sleeping when she died"—

and explained in his note that this was because it was "ingenious," and that ingenuity and pathos were mutually destructive. It is a comfort to think that in a moment of returning sanity this stanza was replaced.

The myriad readers of the 'Golden Treasury' of the late Sir Francis Palgrave could but greet with pleasure the final publication of the long-promised second series (Macmillan), containing selections from the work of authors who were excluded from the first series as living in 1861. The place of the delayed addition has been partially filled for years, as far as the American edition of the 'Golden Treasury' is concerned, by an excellent compilation made by Mr. John Foster Kirk, and appended as Book Fifth in the Philadelphia edition of 1884; but it was of course interesting to see what Prof. Palgrave finally substituted. He apparently intended, in 1861, to include American poets in his range, for he mentioned in his preface of that date the names of Lowell and Bryant; but this plan was fortunately abandoned—we say fortunately, because it would have made the field too large, and the increasing divergence between English and American themes and properties would have introduced new complications. Even as it is, the reader must acknowledge with regret that the new series fails to command, at first glance, the confidence inspired by the first one, while it can hardly avoid including much that is beautiful. The editor had the whole range of contemporary and recent British verse to draw upon, except that he was not permitted—a serious prohibition, truly—to use anything by Mr. Swinburne. Yet the only living authors from whom he actually drew are the Duke of Argyll, Gerald Massey, Sir Lewis Morris, Frederick Tennyson, Aubrey de Vere, and Richard Wilton. He could not, perhaps, have been expected to include the very latest-born of the Muse, but he did not insert one word by Sir Edwin Arnold, Alfred Austin, Philip James Bailey, Austin Dobson, or George Meredith among the living, or by Alford, Faber, Sterling, or William Morris among the dead. Yet more amazing to relate, he took but one solitary extract from Landor, while finding room for ten from Patmore, twelve from Barnes, fifteen from Christina Rossetti, and seventeen from Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Surely an editor who thus selected his Golden Treasury must have followed the suggestion of Emerson, and have written upon the lintels of his doorpost "Whim!"

THE ENGLISH STAGE.

An Account of the Victorian Drama. By Augustin Filon. Translated from the French by Frederic Whyte. London: John Milne; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

At first sight it may seem curious that one of the most entertaining, appreciative, discriminating, and instructive of recent books upon the English stage should have been written by a Frenchman; but M. Augustin Filon differs from the vast majority of contemporary theatrical chroniclers in being not only a genuine student of his subject, without "axes to grind," but a man possessing good general scholarship, true critical faculty, and a liberal endowment of the sparkling Gallic wit. He has, moreover, the special qualification of long and close familiarity with the proceedings of all the principal London playhouses. The only weak spots in his work are those in which he has supplemented the results of his own keen observation by information drawn from outside sources. So long as he takes Mr. William Archer for a guide, he is in tolerably safe hands, but it is a different matter altogether when he borrows the inspiration of others—Mr. Clement Scott, for instance. What he has to say about the drama of the first half of the century, the days of Macready, Knowles, Kean, and Jerrold and the privileged theatres, is mostly an echo of old voices, with here and there an incisive comment, as when he remarks that the criticism of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt is rather a comparison of actors than an appreciation or a classification of plays. It is in the pages of Charles Lamb alone that he can find the expression of a general idea.

There is no lack of this power of generalization in M. Filon's narrative or comment when he comes to his own period of the Victorian era. His view covers the whole field, and he describes the salient features in it with unerring instinct and admirable point and vivacity. Nothing could be much better in its way than his survey of what he calls the "abortive renaissance" dating from Macready's Covent Garden experiment. As a Frenchman, of course, he is immensely and justly sarcastic over Bulwer Lytton's travesties of French character in "Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons," but this little manifestation of heat does not in the least affect the truth of his pitiless exposure of the pinchbeck quality of these plays, and of "Money," with their false sentiment, conspicuous artifice, indifference to fact, in nature or history, and gross appeals to class prejudices. "A Gothic Democrat," he calls Lytton, who basely tried to flatter the proletariat by pretending to attack the society in whose front rank it was his prime ambition to shine. The assaults are savage, but not reckless, being fortified by plentiful and pungent illustration and delivered with delightful grace and skill. His summary of the general characteristics of the drama of the fifties, of the stock properties, so to speak, which, in various disguises, were presented over and over again with damnable, but unconscious, iteration, is, in spite of its humorous exaggeration, remarkably comprehensive and perspicacious. The paralysis of imagination which then prevailed M. Filon attributes in part to a revival of Puritanism, in a mild form, on the accession of the Queen. It is doubtful whether an Englishman, in full touch with the national humor, would have discovered grounds for this suspicion, but the idea is ingenious, and furnishes occasion for some excellent raillery concerning the vague

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functions of the censor and the disastrous consequences of the Phariseeism which winked at the shameless theft of French plays while insisting upon their purification. Poor Mr. Tom Taylor is handled with a contempt which, in his capacity of adapter, he richly deserves, and the ingenious Mr. Boucicault, whose Irish dramas are treated with notable acumen and felicity, is neatly catalogued as "plagiarism incarnate." From the consideration of these and kindred authors, M. Filon proceeds naturally to the subject of British burlesque, a monstrosity of which even Englishmen are ashamed. It does not merit even the contemptuous notice which he bestows upon it, but it was, perhaps, worth while to point out that it has lowered the public standard of decency by its license in the matter of provocative female costume.

But the prevailing note of M. Filon's book is not one of disparagement. On the contrary, he is far more sanguine concerning the future of English comedy—the possibility of future English tragedy does not seem to occur to him—than most contemporary critics. He recognizes the existence and gradual, though halting, development of a representative modern English drama—a noteworthy admission from a writer of his nationality and authority—and traces its origin to the production of the Robertsonian plays by the Bancrofts at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre. He is as wide awake as anybody to the patent defects of what has been called the "cup and saucer" comedy, but, with characteristic discrimination, attaches far more importance to the fundamental truth of individual personages and scenes and the essentially national qualities of the humor. His analysis of "Caste," "Society," "School," and "Ours" is admirable, and he points out, rather mischievously, the revolution which prosperity effected in Robertson's social theories. His chapter about the Grub Street Bohemia of those days, of which the younger Hood, Robert Brough, H. J. Byron, W. S. Gilbert, and Robertson himself were among the principal denizens, is delightful.

One of the most brilliant essays in the volume treats of the work of W. S. Gilbert. It is brimful of the shrewdest analysis and the frankest admiration of that pungent writer's varied abilities, without ever losing sight of his limitations. The criticism of his earlier plays is singularly acute, and the appreciation of that fantastic vein in which he has won his most enduring successes uncommonly keen. No element of the Gilbertian humor, except, perhaps, the peculiar phase of it which finds its amplest expression in "Patience," has escaped him. The concluding sentence in which he sums up his subject deserves quotation. Mr. Gilbert, he writes, has "remained a lawyer all his life, by his professional scepticism, by the variety of his dialectical resources, by his proneness to subtle distinctions and interpretations, by his cleverness in setting up appearances against realities, and words against ideas, but, above all, by his curious faculty for losing good cases and winning bad ones."

The career of Sir Henry Irving is followed with similar perspicuity. It is scarcely too much to say that no juster estimate of the great English actor and manager has ever been printed than that of M. Filon. Everybody will not agree with all that he says of Sir Henry's Shaksperian impersonations, but on the main issue he will encounter few dissenters. Some of his descriptive touches are veritable strokes of genius, as, for instance, when, in speaking of Irving's sympathy with mediæval and ecclesiastical asceticism, he remarks that no other man could have played *Becket* so well as he, with the possible exception of Cardinal Manning. His whole study of the growth of the man, intellectually and histrionically, from the period of "The Two Roses" to the present day, and of the beneficent influence which he has exerted upon his profession, is at once vivid and exhaustive. His final verdict is that Sir Henry must be accepted as the leader, not only of the English, but the European stage.

The closing essays in the book are devoted to a rapid comparative review of the serious or semi-serious playwrights of the last quarter of a century. The most noticeable feature in them is the high place accorded to Tennyson, not only as a poet, but as the possessor of real dramatic inspiration. M. Filon is much too good a critic to confound the theatrical cleverness of a mere designer of situations with the genius that comprehends the soul of a period and the depths of human passions. He draws a subtile but obviously true distinction between the "critical faculty of the historian and the gift of living over again in imagination the emotions of a century long gone to dust," and illustrates his point by citing Michelet, Macaulay, and Carlyle of the one sort, against Holinshed and Lytton of the other. To enforce his argument he quotes scenes from "The Cup," "Harold," and "Queen Mary," and asserts that Tennyson has been deprived of his proper place among the dramatists by the lack of actors capable of interpreting him. After such bold, clear, and forcible criticism as this, it is rather disappointing to find him ranking Mr. Henry Arthur Jones among the pioneers of the new dramatic era, but it is only fair to assume that in this instance his judgment may have been affected by personal friendship. At all events, the name of Mr. Jones appears at the end of an eminently characteristic and bumptious preface. The sections on the plays of Messrs. Pinero and Grundy are much more acute and judicious, and bring into strong relief the differences between the intellectual and artistic processes of the two men.

Being a professed realist—as he undoubtedly is, after the fashion of the Irishman who remarked that he was a teetotaler, but not a bigoted one—M. Filon is a stanch admirer of Ibsen. In this respect he is clearly a docile pupil of Mr. Archer, whose arguments he reproduces in paraphrase. These are familiar, and need no present discussion. But M. Filon raises the point that the secret of the Norwegian's influence upon the English stage is to be sought in the similarity of the characteristics of the Northern races. Undoubtedly there is such similarity of racial instincts, but it would be as well to demonstrate the existence of the influence before trying to account for it. As a matter of fact, Ibsen in England is still "caviare to the general." Moreover, if it be true that his dramatic personages are Scandinavian types, may it not also be true that, except when they are abnormal, they are universal types, or, in other words, utterly conventional? But the social-problem drama, happily, is already at its last gasp, and its ghost may be allowed to pass without further vexation. The fact remains that M. Filon, who wrote these essays for his countrymen, has furnished them with a charming and instructive book, and that Mr. Whyte has translated it with conspicuous brilliancy, achieving the difficult task of suggesting in the English idiom the snap and sparkle of the French style.

The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance. By Bernhard Berenson. Putnams. 1897.

Under the above title Mr. Berenson continues the series of small but important books which already includes studies of the painters of Venice and of Florence, and which is to include at least one more volume devoted to the painters of northern Italy. The present volume shows all the qualities—the ingenuity, the subtlety of reasoning, and the wide range and thoroughness of knowledge—which mark the author's work, and make him a person to be reckoned with in all future criticism. His main contention here is, that as the Florentines were preëminently draughtsmen and the Venetians preëminently colorists, so the painters of central Italy, from Duccio of Siena to Raphael of Urbino, were above all illustrators and what he calls "space-composers," and, saving exceptions, of whom Simone Martini as colorist, and Luca Signorelli as draughtsman, are the most important, drew or colored only as well as was absolutely necessary to their end, or as well as they were taught by outside influences.

Mr. Berenson always deals largely in psychology, and here it is difficult for the mere artist or art critic to follow him. His identification of the "religious emotion" in art as the "feeling of oneness with the universe" which is evoked in the spectator when the sense of space is conveyed to him, may or may not be sound psychology, but it is certainly ingenious, and serves for an explanation of the paradox that Perugino, the atheist, is always reckoned among the great religious painters. Every one has felt the charm of the serenely spacious backgrounds of the Umbrian "purists," and when we are told that the religious emotion which these pictures evoke is caused by these very backgrounds, we are set wondering if this may not be the truth, in spite of the technical language in which it is set forth. Is not the sense of space perhaps the nearest thing to a sense of infinity which art can convey, and is not the sense of infinity very nearly what we mean by religious emotion?

Mr. Berenson's division of the elements of art into "Illustration" and "Decoration" is more readily comprehensible, though he uses either word in a sense somewhat different from and broader than that to which we have been accustomed. Illustration is, for him, everything in art which is not purely artistic—everything which depends on "the value the thing represented has elsewhere, whether in the world outside, or in the mind within"—thus including beauty itself, and placing "realism" and "idealism" side by side as merely illustration; while Decoration is made to include not only composition and those qualities of color and chiaroscuro which we have all felt to be "orchestral" or musical and independent of imitation, but also the great qualities of form and movement—the significant drawing of the Florentines—which Mr. Berenson considers also directly to affect the mind and senses of the observer without regard to the intrinsic in-

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terest of the objects represented. Of these two great elements of art, the illustrative and the decorative, the illustrative is the one that surely appeals to the average mind; but as it is dependent on the value to the mind of things outside the work of art itself, it is subject to changes of taste and interest. Decoration, on the other hand, exists for itself, and is always equally interesting to those who can perceive it. Hence the illustrators who have represented what no longer interests us are dead, and, except by a few, Duccio is forgotten while Giotto lives. But the illustrators who represent our own ideals and our own world are hugely popular, and Perugino and, above all, Raphael, whom we still understand, are the most loved of painters, while hosts of moderns whose art as such is contemptible exist only because they represent what we care to have shown us. Raphael was the greatest illustrator in all art, hence his popularity. He was also the greatest master of composition that ever lived, hence the profound admiration for him of the few artists to whom that part of the purely artistic side of art seems most important. Mr. Berenson would add that he was the greatest master of space in the history of painting, hence his appeal to the religious. By dint of diligent study of the work of others, he arrived at fine drawing and fine color; but in these lines he was not a creator, and is therefore less sympathetic to most painters than the great Florentines or the great Venetians.

Besides the analysis of central Italian painting, certainly most worthy of attention, which we have thus tried to condense, the volume contains, as do the others of the series, an "Index to the works" of the principal painters of the school. This is, as usual, most valuable, and renders a service to Raphael in relieving him of a number of pictures and frescoes, really almost entirely the work of his pupils, which have inflicted much damage upon his artistic fame almost from his own day to this. Perhaps the attribution which will awaken most dissent is that of the "Sposalizio" at Caen, hitherto universally attributed to Perugino, to Lo Spagna. In an article in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* Mr. Berenson has given his reasons for maintaining not only that the picture is not by Perugino, but that it is the copy rather than the original of Raphael's celebrated picture of the same title.

The Old Santa Fé Trail: The Story of a Great Highway. By Col. Henry Inman. Macmillan. 1897. Pp. xviii, 493, plates, cuts, and map.

This book is dedicated to and prefaced by "Buffalo Bill" (W. F. Cody), but the author introduces it to us with some of the wildest statements we have ever heard concerning early Spanish explorers. In the following chapters i. and ii. the founding of Santa Fé is treated with similar looseness, both topographically and chronologically. The American trade doubtless began with Lalande and Pursley, who were before Pike in crossing the plains to Santa Fé, as stated; but where is the evidence that they followed what we understand by the Santa Fé Trail, which was not opened until many years afterwards? Our perplexities increase when we next find Ezekiel Williams lugged in on the strength of Coyner's apocryphal if not mythical 'Lost Trappers.' The author puts him also on the Old Trail, though he is started for the upper Missouri and Yellowstone, fetched down the Arkansas, and thus spirited over an immense extent of country. The "Old Trail" must have been as broad as the plains themselves, if anything like this is what the author means by the name; and nowhere in the book is what historians and geographers know as the Santa Fé caravan route traced in its entirety, as surely we had a right to expect. It is touched upon only here and there, in places known to the author personally, with precision and particularity. It is true that Col. Inman gives us a map of the Trail, but this is too small and slight to convey much more than what everybody knew before, namely, that the road went from Missouri through Kansas to the Arkansas near Great Bend, and up the river; then split at Cimarron Crossing, the most direct route being along the Cimarron to the Canadian and so on into the mountains, the other continuing up the Arkansas to Bent's Fort, thence through Raton Pass, etc. The latter branch became the stage route of later days, and is approximately followed by the railroad. The map, moreover, does not always coincide with the text, nor the text with itself. For example, Chouteau's Island is "on the boundary line of United States and Mexico" (Kansas-Colorado border), on p. 40; "not far from" Cimarron, Kan., on p. 42, but well over into Colorado on the map, thus agreeing with p. 75, where it is fixed "at the mouth of Sand Creek" (the present Big Sandy); p. 483 locates Fort Aubrey at Kendall, Hamilton County, Kas., but the map puts Fort Aubry in Colorado. The map starts the Trail from Leavenworth, Kan.; nothing is easier than to reach the Trail from that point, but the Trail started from Independence, Mo. Where Col. Inman is not obviously wrong he needs confirmation to convince us he is right; we shall continue to turn to such old standbys as Gregg's 'Commerce of the Prairie,' and recover the Santa Fé Trail in terms of modern geography by means of the 1395 edition of Pike's Travels, where the route through Kansas is traced in minute detail.

Our criticism of Col. Inman as historian and geographer is so serious that we are glad to end it in such particulars as the above. He has written a most readable and entertaining book, full of incident to the wild life of the plainsman and the mountaineer, in contact and usually in conflict with the Indian. He is a companionable raconteur; stories of adventure lose nothing in his telling, and possibly gain something in dramatic force. The writer is an old soldier who entered the army in 1857, soon rose from the ranks, and was repeatedly brevetted during the war. He served and has long lived amidst the scenes he describes so well, took part in some of the incidents he narrates, and knew personally many of the famous worthies of the early West, from Kit Carson to Buffalo Bill. They are almost an extinct type, and the biographical sketches with which the book abounds have thus more than a transient interest. The desultory style of composition, observing no sequence of events or of locations, makes it hard to say exactly where to look for the best things in the book; we may point to chapters xv. *et seq.*, where appear Uncle John Smith, Uncle Dick Wooton, Old Bill Williams, Tom Tobin, Jim Bridger, J. P. Beckwourth, the feudal if not viceregal Lucian B. Maxwell, the Bent Brothers, and their several forts. All this is good work, well worth doing, especially as the mythopoetic tendency is already operative on more than one such redoubtable individual, to transfer him from the pale of fact to the realm of romance. Col. Inman's best local color is laid on along the Great Bend of the Arkansas, and thence up to Larned, where he is evidently on familiar ground. Thereabouts he can show you the very trail in the worn earth, point to the prosy corral in the place where once rose the famous Pawnee Rock, and tell you, as you look at the site of Fort Zarah from a Pullman car, that it was named for the youngest son of Major-General Curtis, "who was killed by guerillas somewhere south of Fort Scott, Kansas." It is in just such things as this that the value—the strictly limited value—of the book consists. Even such a simple statement as this is vitiated by the "somewhere," to the grief of the fact-hunter, though perhaps to the joy of the idle story-reader. Why not have said that he was Major-General Henry Z. Curtis, killed in action at Baxter's Spring, Kan., October 5, 1863, and saved us the trouble of looking him up in Heitman's Register?

But we promised to have done with serious criticism of something that is best taken for what it is worth, as camp-fire story-telling. A pretty full table of contents atones to some extent for a trifling index; the chapters have taking head- and tail-pieces, some of which are fair portraits; several stirring full-page plates serve to intensify the realism of the scenes and incidents, and the whole appearance of the book is attractive.

Lumen. By Camille Flammarion. Authorized translation by A. A. M. and R. M. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Back in the early forties a little book, scarcely more than a brochure, was published anonymously in England under the title 'The Stars and the Earth.' It was based on the astronomical fact that, owing to the progressive motion of light, an observer on the earth, or at any other point in the universe, would not see a distant planet as it was at the moment, but as it was when the light by which it was seen had left it. The time required for the light to travel from the planet to the observer might be minutes, hours or years, according to the distance. The author amused himself by showing how a being viewing the earth from one of the more distant stars could see the beginning of human history by the light that had then left the earth, and then, by rapidly approaching the latter, could see the whole course of events going on during his journey. "Omniscience, with respect to the past," he concluded, "becomes identical and *one and the same* with actual omnipresence with regard to space." The book was reprinted in Boston in 1868, with an introduction by the Rev. Thomas Hill.

This idea has been now taken up and worked out with much greater detail by Flammarion in 'Lumen,' but without mention of the English prototype of his conceit. "Lumen" is the soul of a man (a Frenchman, of course), who, after his death, in 1865, flies to the star Capella, and then, looking back to his former abode, is surprised to see King Louis XVI. being led to the scaffold once more, and the scenes of

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the French Revolution reënacted before his eyes. Possessed of the power of flying to any point in the universe in a few moments, he can so place himself as to see the world as it was at any past epoch. All this he explains to a rather dull and incredulous "Quaerens," to whom he conveys much information about life in other worlds, transmigration of souls, spheres morally better developed than our own, etc. The book will entertain all readers fond of such speculations as these. Those of us who look forward to the Christian's heaven may not relish the idea of our souls passing from one to another of the curious forms of existence which Flammarion supposes on the different stars; sex being changeable, and the vegetable kingdom at one time taking the place of the animal. Lumen speaks of his life just previous to that on the earth as being in the planetary system of Virgo, where the "inhabitants are slightly inferior to ourselves," and expresses his "hope in the course of the next century to be incarnated in a world dependent on a train of Sirius," where "humanity is more beautiful than that of the earth." In his observations he expresses some curious ideas which we leave the reader to find; but we must say that with all our admiration for the "marvels of spectral analyses," we cannot agree with him in considering them of more value to mankind than "the discoveries of Columbus and of Gutenberg." His belief in a previous life is founded principally on his disbelief in the well-established fact of "intellectual heredity." The most distinct impression left by the book is that all knowledge here amounts to nothing, because we are so limited by our senses, and that eternity will be spent in studying "the domains of creation." To those who know how a Frenchman becomes one of the "Immortals," the reference to it on page 217 is very interesting.

The translation, by two ladies, is noticeably idiomatic and agreeable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alpers, W. C. The Pharmacist at Work. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Barringer, D. M., and Adams, J. S. The Law of Mines and Mining in the United States. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $7.80.
Barrows, Rev. J. H. Christianity the World-Religion: Lectures Delivered in India and Japan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Carey, Rosa N. Other People's Lives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Carus, Paul. Buddhism and its Christian Critics. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1.25.
Carroll, S. W., and C. F. Around the World Geographical Reader. Primary. The Morse Co. 40c.
De Amicis, Edmondo. On Blue Water. Putnams. $2.25.
Drummond, Dr. W. H. The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems. Putnams. $2.50.
Egerton, H. E. A Short History of British Colonial Policy. London: Methuen & Co.
Elster, Ernst. Prinzipien der Litteratur-Wissenschaft, Erster Band. Halle: Max Niemeyer; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Ferry, Jules. Discours et Opinions. Tome sixième. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Field, Eugene. Lullaby-Land. Illustrated. Scribners. $1.50.
Grumbine, Rev. J. C. F. Clairvoyance. Chicago: The Author.
Guerber, H. A. Spyri's Moni der Geissbub. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.
Hamilton, M. The Freedom of Henry Meredyth. Appletons. $1.
Harper, Prof. G. M'L. Sainte-Beuve: Seven of the Causeries du Lundi. Henry Holt & Co. 75c.
Johnson, R. B. Pen Portraits by Thomas Carlyle. London: George Allen; New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 75c.
Judah, Mary J. Down Our Way. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.
Karpeles, Gustav. A Sketch of Jewish History. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Lefèvre, Prof. André. L'Histoire: Entretiens sur l'Evolution Historique. Paris: C. Reinwald; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Mondan, Georgiana F. German Selections for Sight Translation. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 15c.
Nichols, C. W. A Government Class-Book of the State of Michigan. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.
Nicholson, W. An Almanac of Twelve Sports. Words by Rudyard Kipling. R. H. Russell. $1.25.
Olmstead, D. H. The Protestant Faith; or, Salvation by Belief. Putnams. 75c.
Palmer, Lucia A. Oriental Days. Baker & Taylor Co. $2.
Page, T. N. Social Life in Old Virginia. Scribners. $1.50.
Rea, G. B. Facts and Fakes about Cuba. New York: George Munro's Sons.
Rollins, Clara S. Threads of Life. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.
Robertson, J. M. New Essays towards a Critical Method. John Lane. $2.
Seawell, Miss M. E. Twelve Naval Captains. Scribners. $1.25.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley. 2 vols. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. $1.60.
Short, E. L. The Law of Railway Bonds and Mortgages in the U. S. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.80.
Shuey, Lillian H. Don Luis's Wife: A Romance of the West Indies. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.
Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Let Us Follow Him. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Sigerson, Dora (Mrs. Clement Shorter). The Fairy Changeling, and Other Poems. John Lane. $1.50.
Society to Encourage Studies at Home. Cambridge: Riverside Press. $1.
Tales of the West. [Tales from McClure's.] Doubleday & McClure Co. 25c.
Tapper, Thomas. The Child's Music World. Philadelphia: Hatch Music Co. $1.25.
Taylor, M. L. An Imperial Lover. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Van Wagenen, T. F. Manual of Hydraulic Mining. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Walford, L. B. Ira Kildare: A Matrimonial Problem. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Wright, Prof. G. F. Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences. Appletons. $1.50.
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